JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 30, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1798

LAST DAYS TO WIN YOUR XMAS TURKEY

AIR RAIDS! £3,350 CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

MY ESCAPE FROM PARIS *by a Reader*

You've earned your leisure...
GALLAHERS
Park Drive
PARK DRIVE
for pleasure!
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED (MILD)
IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST, PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST

SCRAP THAT AERIAL

YOUR LOCAL RADIO DEALER STOCKS IT

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WIZARD LTD., Jackson's Row, Manchester, 2

BACKACHE

Urinary Disorders
Rheumatic Pains

common signs of

Weak Kidney Action

HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains. You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of giddiness, getting up at night, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Let Doans brand Backache kidney Pills make you ready and able to tackle the day's work. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will flush, strengthen and invigorate the kidneys and the urinary system.

Healthy kidney action will filter away harmful impurities, purify your blood and relieve your pain and discomfort. Doans Pills do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters.

1/5.3/5.5/8 (incl. Tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

SHAKEN NERVES cause WEAK HEART

Try these tablets FREE

If you have any indications of Nerve Pains such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fullness in the Throat, Anæmia, Pains around the Heart or under the left Shoulder, allow us to send you a Free Supply of "Oxien" Brand TABLETS and testimonials from people who have been cured. THE GIANT OXIE CO., LTD. (Dept. 222·W.P.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, or obtainable at all leading chemists.

OXIEN TABLETS

WHICH IS THE 5-STAR COCOA?

1 EXTRA FOOD VALUE
Bournville Cocoa is rich in body-building proteins, natural cocoa butter and carbohydrates to give you energy. So remember, a cup of Bourn-ville—the 5-Star Cocoa—is a cup of food.

2 IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
The rich iron content of Bournville Cocoa tones up the corpuscles in your bloodstream, makes you feel stronger.

3 PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
Bournville Cocoa is rich in the various phosphates and calcium. These build up bone and muscle, strengthen teeth.

4 AID TO DIGESTION
Bournville Cocoa is particularly digestible, helps digestion of other foods and so makes every meal go further.

5 VITAMINS—VITAL TO HEALTH—
Remember that every tin of Bournville Cocoa retains the natural "sunshine Vitamin D, specially necessary for kiddies' healthy teeth and straight, strong bones.

Bournville Cocoa, Britain's favourite quick-to-make hot drink, starred five times for health value and all-round excellence—is actually *down in price*! Now only 5d per ¼ lb, with the quality unaltered, it is more than ever the real household economy drink. Meal times, and odd times, and especially when the siren goes, 'go to it' and stir up a nice hot cup of Bournville Cocoa. It's fine for morale!

BOURNVILLE THE 5-STAR COCOA

down to 5d per qtr lb

COSTS LESS THAN PRE-WAR

DOCK-MASTER Prisoner in his room for FIVE YEARS

Helpless Victim of Nerves

MAGNIFICENT RECOVERY DUE TO HIS DOCTOR'S ADVICE TO TAKE DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

Mr. Brizland was, during the Great War, on the important duty of Grave-Dock Master at a famous docks. He worked night and day — until he broke down. His subsequent experience is in this letter:

Eccles, Lancashire.
9th July, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I had a nervous breakdown and was so ill they could not say if I would get out of bed again. They told my wife I was done for. However, I did get up again, but was so weak and nervous I was afraid of the least sound. I dare not leave the room for almost five years. I tried everything. *I did not know what to do and when my doctor came in one morning I said to him "Is there nothing you can suggest to relieve this terrible feeling!" He said "Have you never tried Dr. Cassells Tablets!" I said "No!" Then he said "Well, give them a trial!" I at once sent for a 3/- bottle.* After one or two doses I had never known the pleasure of such restful sleep for the last five years, so I continued with them. I began to get about in such good form that people who had seen me so bad wondered. I told them the true story of your Dr. Cassells Tablets. I am 66 years of age now and feel better and stronger than I was 20 years ago.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) James Brizland.

Dr. Cassells Tablets build up NERVES, BRAIN and BODY!

If you are weak—ailing—sleeping badly—unable to work, TEST THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS.

Get a bottle from your chemist today!

TAKE Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

1/3, 3/3, 5/9 everywhere (including Purchase Tax).

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 30, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

" Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them ; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true "

3 GIANTS IN Shirt-sleeves

THREE men have tucked up their sleeves still higher in the last few weeks. Their energy is manifest in every bombed city.

Troops and ex-unemployed swarm over the ruins of buildings like locusts on green fields. Within a day or two, a few hours even, tumbled girders are carted off to steelworks, bricks piled for removal, the footways cleared.

Water lorries, mobile kitchens, are rushed to the relief of needy housewives.

SO LET US PRAISE THREE FAMOUS MEN FOR DIRECTING THIS WORK—HERBERT MORRISON, BEVIN, LORD WOOLTON.

But let us attack a once-famous man who does not take off his jacket—W. S. Morrison. He must be blamed for the appalling shortcomings of the Post Office.

Notorious Apology

When Minister of Agriculture, he excused his idleness by a notorious apology, " How foolish we should look if we prepared for a war that never came!"

Now that war has come, he keeps silent; but he has much to explain—and much to do.

Telephone exchanges are still pleading " indefinite delay." Three days' delay in telegrams. A week's delay, sometimes, in the letter post.

All these delays combine to clog our national effort.

Not Always Bombs

Speed is essential in the telephone service. But no speed is shown in the task of repairing broken lines.

Moreover, operators tell JOHN BULL, in angry letters, that many breakdowns are not due to bombs.

They are due to normal wear and tear of the automatic plant—but the mechanics who could repair them are in the Army. Mr. " Shakes " Morrison should apply for their release.

A Vital Service

Repair squads are needed not only to make the system efficient, but also to make it more efficient than in pre-war days.

That should have been done months ago; it *must* be done now.

For the telephone service is a vital part of our war machine.

He's to Blame, but—

That is true of the railways. Their wheels turn slowly, their lines are rusting.

Passengers lose valuable time, war essentials—and household coal—are kept on sidings for weeks.

For that we must blame Col. Moore-Brabazon, even though he promises to be the best Transport Minister since Herbert Morrison.

He even invites criticism.

With engaging frankness, he holds himself responsible for any railway shortcoming, whether the 9.15 is late or a truckload of fancy goods goes astray.

Here's the Solution

He has inherited a rotten system.

He admits that " the more he looks at the railway agreement the less he likes it."

Let him use his wide powers and he will increase the high regard in which he is held.

Stop the wasteful delays in shunting due to private ownership of wagons! Commandeer the lot and use them where they are needed!

No More Pampering

No longer must the railways be pampered. Road transport must be restored, shipping given a fair deal.

Coal could have been brought to London this summer by coastal boats. The cost would have been slightly higher than by rail. So the boats were laid up.

Now, at the eleventh hour, the boats have been called to the rescue.

And lorries are kept idle so that the rail monopoly shall not be challenged too seriously.

They are the Villains

Vested interests are allowed to retain their swollen influence. Even Lord Woolton has not yet subdued them.

So much is plain in the case of the onion shortage; the profiteering on leeks.

Growers swear their crops will be left to rot unless the onion price is raised. Retailers (the greedy minority) refuse to sell the stocks they have, hoping for bigger profits in the future.

Let Lord Woolton tackle them as quickly as he rushed aid to Coventry, and he will deserve still better of the public.

Foiled by Councils

All but a few local councils, local food and fuel committees have proved slack and indifferent.

Now the Government must use its powers to compel them to work.

" John Bull " Wonders Why—

- **small haulage contractors, engaged on Government work, have not been paid for jobs finished more than six months ago?**
- **gas masks belonging to men who have joined the R.A.S.C. have been burned in Mansfield dust destructor instead of being disinfected and stored?**
- **rich women are allowed to spend £20 a time on buying cosmetics to hoard in case of further restrictions later?**
- ***workers granted a cost-of-living bonus are no longer eligible for workmen's fares in Blackpool?***
- **timber from bombed London houses is being burned in street bonfires instead of given to poor people who can't afford to buy coal?**
- **wives of foreigners who have enlisted in the Army are still treated as enemy aliens?**

No longer should the Ministry of Health bombard these councils with appealing circulars.

It should issue an ultimatum—Get On or Get Out!

National Enemy

We must realise that every local laggard who delays the provision of shelters, the clearance of wreckage, the repair of gas and water mains, is a national enemy.

Only by constant and smooth working of every war effort shall we hasten Victory—and that is a truism that should not need utterance so long after war's outbreak.

Hitler's Headaches

It is well for us that Hitler's plans do not develop smoothly. It gives us opportunity for smashing blows that will crumble his braggart front.

The Rumanian 'quake was his first stroke of ill-luck. Even without it, he could not transport Rumania's 500,000 tons of oil a month on poor railways that can be bombed from Britain's new bases.

To secure it he must gain the Greek and Turkish seaboards, so that it could be shipped by sea to Italian ports.

Without all this, and more, he cannot keep Italy's war machine running, supply essential oil-burning services for his conquered countries, offset the bombing of his oil-from-coal plants in the Ruhr.

Make More Weapons!

But don't let us pause in our efforts to contemplate his difficulties. We must end our own.

We've had " Go to it " and " Keep at it," and now we really must " get on with it."

We must produce more. More guns. More bombs. More 'planes. More ships.

War weapons are the only immediate answer to Hitler's diplomatic moves.

Crushing Italians

So again we urge that his plans can best be defeated by a crushing blow against Italy.

When the R.A.F. bombed Brindisi, the searchlight and gun crews fled.

Searchlights remained still in the sky, the guns offered no resistance to the zooming raiders.

Does that not suggest what might happen if the raids were more intensive?

Do not our leaders know how pilots itch to drop one- and two-ton bombs from modern aircraft on Italian bases?

The Weak Link

Did not Mussolini's speech astonish the world by its nervousness?

Our High Command is not reluctant to hammer the weak link of the Axis.

But it must be quick and ruthless—before the dictators have time to repair their military disasters of the last astonishing month.

(Continued overleaf.)

£3,350 AIR RAID INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

A £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER SEE PAGE 22

Behind the News

● **Besides the Krupps damage, Nazi munition production has been slowed down by 30 per cent., aircraft production by 25 per cent., rail transport is 50 per cent. disorganised. Thanks to the R.A.F.**

● *Neutrals report that three-hour rail journeys now take days. Even on undamaged lines, both loads and speeds have been reduced by half on account of track wear and tear.*

● Rolling-stock is 100,000 waggons and 30,000 locomotives below war time requirements.

● **Goering fears that wholesale transfer of war industries to the east will fail to save the situation. That's why Molotov was asked to allow Nazi factories to be started in Russia.**

● *But, because of shortage of skilled labour, no new factories could operate for at least three years. Shortage, too, of raw material. Moreover, all goods would have to be transhipped at frontier, enormously increasing the costs.*

● **Smashing of Hitler's summer invasion plans cost Germany £50,000,000** in the loss of troop-carrying barges. Hitler may find it impossible to replace them for any future attempt.

● **Despite Axis "contempt" for gold standard, Hitler and Mussolini have tried every trick to secure the French bullion deposited at Martinique for safety. U.S. naval guard there has thwarted them.**

● *U.S.A. warning to Spain not to allow Hitler advantage in any attempt to push through to West Africa, and determination to preserve American interests in Tangier, may mean that U.S.A. squadrons will again be stationed in European waters.*

IT'S a good thing for Ministers to travel around. They are able to put right quite a few scandals for which Whitehall can't be blamed.

Lord Woolton's next trip should be to Liverpool docks. He will see stores of food that have been left exposed to the weather for days on end—tea lying in water, burst packets of cereals—tons of perishables left to spoil.

Excuse: They had to be moved from a bombed shed.

No excuse: They could have been moved to a warehouse that at present is stacked high with empty crates.

Save their Bacon!

A load of wrapped pears was recently tipped out at a Glasgow Corporation dump. Hours later, an enterprising merchant took some of the boxes away on a lorry and sold the pears from door-to-door in Airdrie.

They were in perfect condition.

Residents allege that fine oranges, and hams, still in their netting, often share the same fate.

It should make Lord Woolton crimson with anger.

We can depend on him to find both the reason and the remedy.

Coal Shortage Scandal

There will be another coal shortage this winter. Yet more coal is available

THINGS HAPPEN WHEN MINISTERS GO ON TOUR : TRANSPORT CHAOS CAUSES SHORTAGE OF COAL : ANOTHER TASK FOR MR. BEVIN : BOMB-SQUAD BONUS

(Continued from preceding page)

at the pits than ever before, thanks to the plans of Dai Grenfell, Mines Minister.

Lack of rail waggons is the trouble.

Thousands of them are being used as storage depots by traders; they have been parked in sidings for weeks.

Col. Moore-Brabazon should go and look at them—and remember that he has power to commandeer them.

What Price Sanity?

Transport overlapping continues.

Army coal and coke store in Southern England gets its supplies from Scotland.

Fifteen miles away from the store is a big gas company that sends its coke to Yorkshire.

Does he Know It?

Perhaps Mr. R. S. Hudson doesn't know that farm land is fetching 15 to 20 per cent. more than at war's outbreak.

As in the last war, landowners are profiting by the nation's needs—although maybe not intentionally.

That rise in values should belong to the State.

Ready-made Dispute

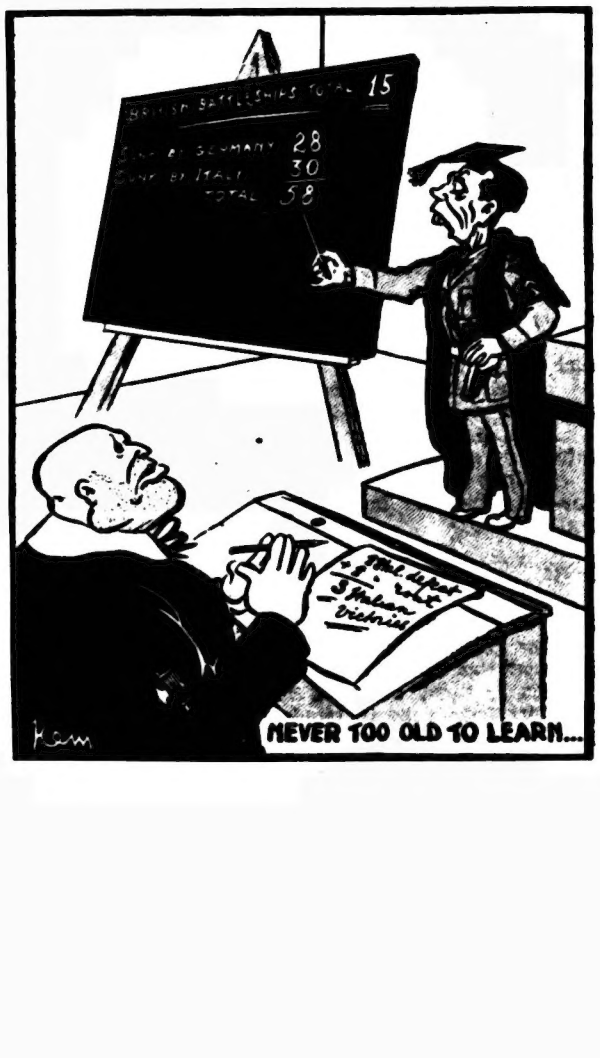
Farm repairs raise another urgent problem. One farmer says that the roof of his granary is so leaky that buckets have to be placed underneath to catch the rain.

War Office requisitioned twenty acres of his best land. So he had to sell his cows and start bacon production, which could be greatly increased if he had more huts for pigs.

He cannot afford to buy them.

Landlord has offered a hut in need of repair, insists that the tenant pays for its removal, installation of drains and other casualties.

In short, he wants his property improved, but will not or cannot help with the cost. Surely the county war committees should deal with such disputes?



No Escaping Mr. Bevin

Mr. Bevin is hardly the man to tolerate opposition from employers' organisations. They want to keep wages down on the plea of avoiding the vicious spiral of rising wages and prices.

Yet in many industries wages are far below the level justified by the dearer cost of living. Moreover, many wages were far below a proper standard of living even before the war.

They must be adjusted before stabilisation is agreed upon.

"Danger Money," Please

In a working-class district of Surrey five time-bombs have lain untouched for a month; homes have had to be deserted.

In a fashionable West End area another time-bomb fell.

It was removed next morning.

More likely than that there is a prompter disposal service for the rich is that the service isn't big enough to cover outlying districts.

More men, many more, should be asked to volunteer for this work. And, despite Mr. Eden's fear of "creating a precedent," they should be rewarded with an addition to their Army pay.

After all, submarine crews are allowed "danger money."

Man's Inhumanity

Mr. Morrison would have to be in a dozen places at once to see that bombed-out people get sympathetic treatment from local authorities.

One London family, after six weeks in a rest centre, were dumped in a Bloomsbury flat without being told how they could obtain coal.

They had no gas for a week because the father couldn't leave his job to sign a new agreement with the gas company.

Black-out had been prepared for them by painting every window, so that no daylight could ever filter into the home.

Evacuated Three Times

Local authorities themselves are sometimes treated badly by the people they try to help.

One London family, with eight children, has been evacuated three times to the country and is now back again.

If the billets were unsuitable, surely others could have been found without journeys of several hundred miles?

What can They Do?

Charges for storing furniture must be controlled.

One big firm has notified a 20 per cent. increase for furniture already in store. How can soldiers' wives meet it?

Too many business concerns are pleading "higher costs" to inflate their profits even when their costs are on the pre-war level.

He Fought: She Starves

Mrs. Barratt, of Hindley Green, near Wigan, is among the widows who are sorry that Ellen Wilkinson has left the Ministry of Pensions.

Her husband fought for us in France, was invalided home, and died.

She is denied pension because his death was not "attributable to war service." Yet he was passed as fit when he enlisted.

Mrs. Barratt should not have to keep her four children on poor law relief without the right of appeal against the Ministry's red tape.

Tale of Three Huts

Searchlight unit, under canvas in one of the bleakest spots in Britain, was all but washed out one recent Sunday.

Medical officer happened to visit them, found men suffering from exposure, telephoned H.Q. and advised immediate evacuation. The men expected to leave within a few hours.

Later, it was decided that they should stay on. They were put to work erecting a hut on Monday, which was completed on Tuesday.

A second was completed on Wednesday.

But wait for the sequel!

Would You Believe It?

The unit was moved on Thursday, not for health's sake, but to a camp a few miles away. Newly dug foundations had to be hurriedly filled in. And again they found themselves under canvas.

Since their departure materials have been delivered at the vacant site—presumably for concrete floors of the huts that are now being pulled down!

So you won't be surprised at our harsh words to the Quarter-Master-General on our Open Letter page.

Highway Robbers

Unkindest story of the week also concerns evacuation. Two East London wardens went to visit their wives at Haddenham, but were stranded at Ely, seven miles away.

There were no 'buses, but they were offered lifts in private cars. And each, at the end of the journey, was asked a fare of 10s.

You can guess where we'd like to send those motorists.

Without FEAR OR FAVOUR

STOP THE CACKLING!

by The EDITOR

NINE people out of ten talk too much. For every man who misses an opportunity to say something useful there are twenty who miss "an excellent opportunity to hold their tongues."

These generalisations apply as much to our political leaders as to the people whom they are supposed to lead.

We exempt none of our principal statesmen.

On the contrary, we reproach even the Prime Minister for "talking out of turn" about this country's prospective chances of beating night bombers.

Some three weeks ago Dr. D. R. Pye, Director of Scientific Research at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, declared in a broadcast that 20,000 inventions had been submitted to his department and that, among these, there were "many fruitful suggestions."

He added that, "for obvious reasons," he could not say much about any of these because he wanted them "to be an unpleasant surprise for the enemy."

RIGHT! YET "JOHN BULL" WANTS TO KNOW WHY THE DEVIL OUR STATESMEN SUGGEST—AS SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR DID SUGGEST AND AS MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL HAS SINCE CONFIRMED BY INFERENCE—THAT WE HAVE ALREADY FOUND THE ANSWER TO THE NIGHT BOMBER?

There can be no truth in this suggestion.

It is the product of sheer wish-fulfilment or misinformation. If it were not so, we should be giving our answer to the *Luftwaffe* now.

Said Mr. Churchill: "*The diminution in the scale of enemy attack is not entirely due to the weather. . . . There are other things going on which play their part and which, I believe, will play a greater part as the months pass by.*

"*The House will not wish me to go into technical details on these points.*"

Wiser to Say Nothing

EVIDENTLY JOHN BULL is not so patient as the House of Commons. We don't ask for technical details, but we *have* been hoping for results from "these other things."

Are we on the verge of discovering something to beat night bombers—or are we not?

If we *have* got something ready, it would be far better to reserve it as "an unpleasant surprise for the enemy."

If we have *not*, it would be infinitely wiser to "pipe down" and say nothing.

JOHN BULL is sick of political cackling.

We are weary of appeals instead of commands.

We are "fed to the teeth" with pious optimism and hearty appeals to the patriotism of "the other fellow."

Consider railway services.

They scarcely bear considering, but let that pass.

Everybody knows, including Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, the Minister of Transport, that passenger trains are abominably overcrowded, and consistently late; that goods transport is in a chaotic muddle.

We think that passengers are important because so many of them are workers, and their time is valuable to the nation.

We don't understand why they should be herded into packed corridors, left continually without information of any kind, and dumped, hungry and helpless and late, at their destinations.

What beats us completely is that the country is again facing a shortage of household coal. There is not the slightest excuse for this.

Transport is the only difficulty.

Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon himself recently admitted that "there are six loaded trucks waiting for one that is discharged." He knows there is a shocking muddle and delay.

And, darkly threatening, he adds that he may have to take "drastic measures" if the private owners of these trucks do not empty them quickly and send them back into service!

In the name of sanity, why wait!

Why not commandeer every truck that is needed?

Why not, if it comes to that, give the railway companies the minimum legal notice and warn them that, if they don't set their own house in order by a given date, the Government will take them over, lock, stock and barrel?

Still Higher Profits

TO-DAY, under the terms of a fantastic agreement (details of which have not *yet* been published to the country) we are guaranteeing the railways a minimum of profit and, having conceded them two increases in rates, we are allowing them higher profits than they made in time of peace.

This agreement ought to be ended with the least possible delay.

We have some sympathy with railway shareholders, but it doesn't go far enough to guarantee them 3 per cent.—or more—at a time when every wage-earner and small investor in the country is being urged and harried and driven to lend all he can possibly spare at 2½.

Obviously the country must spend less and lend its savings to the Government.

Even here there has been too much cackle, too little action. The appeal to the patriotism of the poor is incessant, but the rich corporations are still left free to invest their surplus funds at the best rate of interest.

When it imposed its 100 per cent. Excess Profits Tax, the Government felt that it had redeemed its pledge to prevent profiteering.

Labour leaders were induced by this means to accept the Purchase Tax.

Actually Excess Profits Tax at 100 per cent. puts a premium on extravagance and waste, while the Purchase Tax, in spite of every safeguard that has been taken and every concession that has been made, restricts the spending of poorer classes, leaves the well-to-do relatively unaffected.

"EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE," A PHRASE SO DEAR TO SO MANY OF OUR LEADERS, IS UNMITIGATED CACKLE TO THIS DAY.

Every "appeal" made by the Food Ministry to cut down out purchases of this or that unrationed commodity has been of necessity a weak appeal.

DECENT AND UNSELFISH FOLK WERE ALREADY TRYING TO HELP THE COUNTRY BY DOING WITHOUT; THE GREEDY SIMPLY WENT ON BEING GREEDY.

Strictly enforced official rationing is the *only* fair and honest way to distribute supplies with equality and justice.

The Food Ministry has the power to ration anything likely to become scarce. It should use that power and stop its cackling appeals to our "better nature."

How many Ministers in recent months have cackled the assurance that the country's resources are fully mobilised; that the war machine is working at top gear; and that we have become a nation of soldiers?

Now we hear from Mr. Bevin, the most vigorous of Mr. Churchill's Ministers, that we need an additional million workers in British industry, but that we can't hope to absorb them before next August.

YET WE STILL HAVE EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN OUT OF WORK ALTOGETHER, WHILE GERMANY HAS PRESSED, OR BRIBED, MORE THAN A MILLION FOREIGNERS TO SERVE HER OWN GIGANTIC WAR MACHINE.

Even Mr. Ernest Bevin hasn't found the way to solve this problem.

On the contrary, he still finds it necessary to "get into touch" with employers and with the Trade Unions and the Board of Trade, and he "appeals" to the unemployed to form labour reserves for emergency purposes.

We don't blame the Minister of Labour personally.

He can't be expected to work miracles at short notice; but if there had not been a year of cackle in his Ministry before he took it over, all our *little* factories might now be working full blast, and an army of trainees would have released the technical experts for expert jobs.

Space does not permit us to quote many outstanding and recent instances of official cackle, but we cannot forbear to mention Lord Stamp's delightful assertion that: "*We can take as much pride in short commons as in long hours.*"

To say that we can be *proud* of short commons is plain nonsense. A man might just as well be proud of a sick headache. There may be cause for pride in supporting hardships with courage and dignity.

On the other hand, there would be still more cause for pride if, by resolute action and intelligent planning, the hardships themselves could be averted or reduced to a minimum.

Confounded Rubbish

ONE other instance of gorgeously empty talk must suffice to drive home our argument that it is high time to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

Lord Reith, Minister of Works and Buildings, trying to explain the functions of his new Ministry to the Upper House, remarked blandly that "there must be an eager and even anxious ("even" is good!) looking forward to the better Britain of our dreams."

He added that "one must not overlook what has already been done.

"The speed and complexity and materialism of life has confused and confounded, and, in some cases, has failed the vision, the divine impatience, the high resolve no longer to tolerate the intolerable."

To JOHN BULL that sounds like confused and confounded rubbish.

We shall win this war, not by windy words, complacent boasts and pathetic "appeals," but by the united and steadfast purpose of the British public.

We don't want our readers to keep on telling us how splendidly we can take punishment and how nobly we shall accept further sacrifices, if necessary.

We don't expect them to take "a personal interest" in charitable funds for the relief of bomb victims or for the future well-being of our fighting men. We expect them to look after these things themselves and immediately.

We are impatiently waiting for them to use their ample powers to take what they need, do what must be done, and harness the country's total effort to the necessities of total war.

We can "take it" well enough, but how eagerly we are waiting for the chance to "hand it out"!

OPEN LETTERS

Air Chief Marshal Sir CHARLES PORTAL,
Chief of the Air Staff

DEAR SIR,—You're doing fine, and the public recognises it. The first two months of your supreme command of the R.A.F. have produced the results we expected, and our congratulations must be prompt.

Daylight bombing of Germany has begun. Night bombing has been intensified.

Neutral sources corroborate Mr. Greenwood's claim that the industrial damage suffered by Hitler's "bomb-free" land is fifty times as great as our own.

Changes you have made in the Higher Command are promise that we shall soon launch a major offensive.

One of those changes, in particular, hints at a real onslaught against Italy. I urge you to launch it at the earliest possible moment, for fresh evidence reaches me of the parlous conditions of Mussolini's economic plant and of his discontented people.

Britain is grateful that you did not hesitate to bomb central Hamburg after the attack on Coventry—even though the Air Ministry was too coy to admit a "reprisal."

But there must be far greater activity in the search for new weapons against night raiders.

Nothing has happened to justify the optimistic hints given us months ago by the Air Ministry. On the contrary, we are now told that success is not likely for "some months."

I realise the tremendous difficulties of the job. But they must be tackled with still greater energy; the views of pilots must be sought.

So ginger up your technical advisers, carry out your bigger-and-better bombing of the Axis, and we'll be still more in your debt.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman A. EVANS, J.P.,
Ex-Mayor of Lowestoft

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Your town provides a fair example of the insensate folly of education authorities.

Three thousand five hundred children are without schooling, although their teachers are eager to return to the town, and the schools have excellent air raid shelters.

I am not surprised to hear that there is an increase in juvenile crime, and that you are appalled by the neglect of youngsters whose fathers are serving Britain well in minelayers and minesweepers.

But I must tell you that the same scandal is common to every town in the evacuation areas. Time the ratepayers revolted!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice LAWRENCE,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—Sentencing two young soldiers to five years' penal servitude, you declared "it is of urgent importance that people should know that looting will be dealt with with the greatest severity."

It is of urgent importance that all courts should show the same ruthlessness in stamping out this monstrous crime. Too many looters have been leniently dealt with by magistrates instead of being committed for trial.

Perhaps your warning will remind lesser courts of their duty to the public.—JOHN BULL.

The HOUSING DEPARTMENT,
Doncaster Corporation

GENTLEMEN,—You are too free with threats of notice to quit.

One tenant, warned that he must get out unless his garden is better cultivated, is an arms worker who leaves his bed at 5.45 each morning and doesn't get home until 9.15 p.m.

Yet he's managing to grow sixty broccoli, turnips, and other foodstuffs.

Is there one of you who would do so well in such circumstances?

I doubt it.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General Sir W. VENNING,
Qr.-Master-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—The public was assured that troops would be accommodated either in billets or barracks by the end of September. November has proved this a vain hope.

Mud is still the only billet for many soldiers. In one camp, they were sleeping on wet ground until two nights ago, when their tents were thoughtfully provided with floor boards.

There are no facilities to dry their damp clothing. Maybe you can imagine their feelings when they have to blanco muddy equipment.

At another camp, men are up to their ankles in mud.

When they get severe colds and are ordered to bed, they find that the sick bay is just another tent.

No one expects the troops to be given all the comforts of home. But the nation demands that the health of the Army shall not be needlessly impaired.

No one expects military miracles. But you were not asked to provide accommodation for millions in a few weeks.

It was realised when France collapsed that we should have to build up a huge Army. You had the long months of a particularly fine summer in which to build shelters for recruits.

There was no lack of labour nor of materials. You were given unprecedented powers to requisition empty houses and to billet troops in occupied houses.

The public had a right to expect that the scandals of last winter, when so may troops floundered in mud, would not be repeated.

Your officers must overhaul their building and billeting schedules, General. And make amends for their disquieting and inexcusable shortcomings!—JOHN BULL.

The PUBLIC ASSISTANCE DEPT.,
Glasgow

SIRS,—All that has ever been written about the Means Test is justified by this single example of your parsimony:—

A consumptive, unable to work, was allowed 35s. a week.

He has a wife and young son to keep.

Now, having been granted a dependant's allowance of 5s. by the R.A.F. for an older boy, his public assistance committee grant is to be reduced by this amount each week.

Scrooge couldn't have been more callous.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General H. C. B. WEMYSS,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—I wager your eyebrows will rise at the latest example of round pegs in square Army holes.

A soldier has applied for transfer to the Pay Corps, which badly needs clerks.

This man has had experience in such vast concerns as Vickers-Armstrongs, and was formerly assistant superintendent of examinations to Lancashire County Council.

An Army specialist supports his application because his unsuitability for his present job has led to hospital treatment for neurosis.

But the application has been refused.

He must stay where he is—in the Pioneer Corps! —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Last September, a clergyman reader in a Durham village offered to give a home to two evacuated children, to help with the cost of their transport, and even to provide their boots and clothing.

At last he has had his answer.

You won't send unaccompanied London youngsters to his parsonage because it is in a "neutral area."

You may still be satisfied with your tomfool schedule of evacuation, neutral and reception areas, despite its absurdities that events have revealed. But some folk never learn.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

Two-Edged Weapon

FIVE hundred thinkers attending a conference of science, philosophy and religion in New York tried to unify and clarify democratic thought.

After much argument "about it and about," they came to the conclusion that modern civilisation can be preserved only by a recognition of the "supreme worth and moral responsibility of the individual human person."

Five eminent professors, enlarging on this conclusion, declared that the individual's "supreme worth" meant that he had rights that no State had given him, and that no State could take away; and that his "moral responsibility" meant that he had duties and responsibilities as well as rights and privileges.

There is little new in that definition of democratic life. But the thinkers went a step further. They declared that *ideas to-day are weapons.*

They pointed to the surrender of France and Belgium; nations routed as much by thoughts as they were by tanks and dive-bombers.

* * *

Ideas, thoughts, propaganda—call the more subtle side of war what you will—have played, and are playing, a vital part in this titanic struggle.

From Germany and, to a less extent, Italy, comes a steady flow of ideas

Most of them are poisoned by falsehood; all are directed to the purpose of destroying the morale of Britain and her Allies.

Hitler, ever since that ill-starred day when he won the Chancellorship of the Reich, has based his policy on the belief that ideas are more important than acts.

He built a gigantic military machine: assembled the mightiest array of guns, tanks and warplanes in history.

But he did not pause in his plan to supplement armed force with the more insidious power of the spoken word, the written word and, above all, the broadcast word.

Hitler believes—and his successive conquests prove that his belief was right—that the first line of attack in any campaign is to undermine the confidence of an opponent.

The French surrendered while their main armed forces were intact.

The morale of the leaders and soldiers alike was broken and the country fell before its military strength had been fully tested.

* * *

Hitler's mumbo-jumbo has left this country cold.

His blood-curdling threats, his thunderous propaganda, his diplomatic cunning have all failed to distract us from the heavy task we have set ourselves to carry through.

To-day Hitler knows that the weapons in the use of which he excels are double-edged.

They have helped him; they may yet destroy him.

The growing strength of the British Empire, its ever-increasing power to attack, have brought fresh hope to the millions who bear the yoke of Nazidom.

That distrust and fear which aided Hitler to dominate Continental Europe may, probably will, help to topple him from his insecure throne.

Truth and courage will prevail against falsehood and boasting. As time passes the arrogance of the German may give way to doubt.

The spread of ideas based on liberty, tolerance and decency will play their part in defeating Hitler.

They are weapons that we cannot use too much.

MAURICE FAGENCE introduced you to "Britain in Battledress." Now he goes behind the scenes, and in this, the first of another human series, talks to the queue at the Labour Exchange

I saw for MYSELF

"They made me feel very bitter . . . but a man may change his mind"

TWO days ago I had my doubts about this building of a new Britain. I had seen for myself the wonderful camaraderie that has grown up in our bombed cities.

But I remembered how what we called in the last war "the spirit of the trenches" had been allowed to die.

And I wondered whether the spirit of the bomb-wracked streets would have the same fate.

Besides, I had toured the West End shops when the no-more-silk-stockings order was issued.

I had seen wealthy women brandishing hundreds of pounds in notes and fighting for any kind of silk stocking from the two-guinea article to which they were accustomed down to the 1s. 11d. articles that belonged by right to their poorer sisters.

They made me feel very bitter.

This New Britain

They made me feel very hopeless about this "new Britain."

But a man may change his mind.

And I changed mine yesterday.

I *saw* something of the new Britain in a place where you would least expect to find it—a big London Employment Exchange.

Perhaps it was because I was among real, vital, full-blooded people who have worked and suffered, who are determined to win this war, who belong by natural right to a new Britain, and not a handful of women whose world is bounded on the one side by a boudoir table and on the other by a dance-floor.

But I saw it for myself.

"Once," said the Exchange manager, standing by my elbow on the staff side of the counter, "a man would feel very sensitive about coming to this place. Wrongly, he felt he was branded as a failure. He didn't realise that unemployment is an accident, liable to happen to anybody.

"But to-day—well, listen to this man."

A middle-aged man stood at the grille.

He was dark, square-jawed, obstinate-looking. He flung a paper forward.

Asked the manager: "*How many men have you engaged from this Exchange in your time?*"

"About eight hundred," said the applicant. "And apart from about three, all damned good fellows."

Out-of-Work Employer!

"A manufacturer," explained the manager. "Business ruined by the war. Now he comes here himself for a job, as everybody does nowadays, no matter who he is or what he has been earning."

"Don't suppose I am the only manufacturer here," said the man.

"No," was the reply. "We have dozens now that our work is no longer confined to insured people. We have professional men and technicians who used to earn anything up to about £10,000 a year. We have all sorts.

"We don't distinguish between them, because that wouldn't be right.

"But we did say to this man here that as there are usually a lot of his ex-employees here he could see us privately, if it would save him embarrassment. And perhaps he'll tell you what he replied."

The obstinate-looking man answered slowly:

"I told them that when I felt embarrassed at meeting the men who worked for me in the good days I would drown myself."

Later, the manager told me that this applicant had refused a job at £400 a year because it wasn't important enough to the war effort.

He had said he would rather have a job twice as valuable to the State at half the salary.

"Most of the men who have lost their businesses talk like that," the official added. "They refuse to slink in here privately, although there are a few, I will admit, who don't care what the job is as long as it is remunerative enough, and seem to think it is the duty of the Exchange to see that their old pre-war earnings are preserved intact."

A black-haired, black-eyed giant approached the grille.

"Another new type of caller at the Exchange," whispered the manager.

"He is an actor—a very good one. He rarely got less than £40 a week. And he is one of the scores of actors who are now clearing away the debris of the London raids.

They Work Hard

"They get a labourer's wages, and they work hard. And if you offered them softer work at more money, and it wasn't a job against Hitler, they'd refuse it."

I listened to the dark-haired, dark-eyed man.

A deep, bass voice explained that he had the offer of a job in pantomime.

It would last six weeks.

"You must take it," said the manager. "Mr. Bevin has made it quite clear that any man out of a job who joins the Labour Reserve (as the unit is known that cleans up London) can go back to his old calling whenever a chance presents itself.

"Men doing this work remain on the live register, which means that while they clear away the debris we still keep looking for jobs more suitable to their attainments."

Then, to the actor: "Good luck in the new engagement. May it last. But if you do find it hard to keep on with your acting——"

"I shall be right back here," said the man, "for any job the country wants me to do, as long as the money is enough to live on."

And now I found myself looking at a long line of men.

Nine out of ten of them wore well-cut suits, some old and threadbare, some almost new.

Back in the manager's room we discussed them.

"You saw those fellows," said the manager. "In the old days we have had many bricks thrown at us for neglecting them. We didn't deserve them.

"The Employment Exchange system in those days was a wonderful machine for serving workpeople, employers and State alike, but it was a machine that was never called on to function properly.

"We have wiped the rust away now.

"Mr. Bevin has got the machine to do the work it would always have been able to do if given the chance.

"No longer does it follow a system of sending men after jobs and hoping for the best.

Industrial Army

"To-day, to some great extent, it has become the War Office of the Industrial Army.

"Do you know what happens to-day when a young fellow comes through that door, still shaking from the first shock of losing his job, aghast at applying for what he wrongly believes to be charity?

"First, we register him.

"It is a business he hates, but it has to be done.

"He is questioned as to his experience, his qualifications, abilities and so on—another ordeal he detests.

"But behind the man who questions him is another official who, judging from all the details obtained, finds out what job he is best likely to fill from all the jobs available.

"If he can be trained into holding a better job than he ever dreamed of holding, we offer him such training.

"It is important that we should do so in these war days, when it is necessary to make our industrial army 100 per cent. strong.

"It will be just as necessary in peace time, and there will be no sliding back."

To-day, employers in the most important war industries have to report all vacancies. They cannot poach from each other. New fields have to be explored for available labour.

Many are chosen from the lists prepared of all people who have done skilled work in such industries in the preceding twelve years.

And there is yet another important field.

Huge numbers of people who feel their work is of no importance to the national effort have put their names down for real war work.

Faster and faster they are being singled out.

Then there are the unfortunate people who have been thrown out of work or whose businesses have been closed because of war restrictions on this or that luxury industry.

Many have to be offered jobs far inferior to those they used to hold. But there is a staggering absence of grumbling.

They take small jobs happily when they know they are win-the-war jobs

And side by side with men who go to the Exchanges for labouring jobs go people who want to register as experts with scientific, technical, professional or higher administrative attainment.

Some have worked in the biggest laboratories in the land, have managed the biggest businesses.

A few of them may have imagined in the bad old days that to have registered in an Employment Exchange was to have put a seal on the failure of your career.

Ernest Bevin has seen to it that no man thinks that now.

If the job that falls vacant is of sufficient importance to the State, the Exchange must be told.

Then the Exchange finds the man of most value to the State and puts him into the job.

All are Important

So they are all important people you meet in the Employment Exchange, nowadays.

Even the man who hasn't held a job for years, and who still hopes and hopes?

Yes, even him.

For he, too, is of importance to the State.

It has taken a war to make us realise it.

The machine that should have utilised him had rusted

Now the rust has been wiped away.

It has begun to work as it should have worked years ago.

Let him hold his head high as he walks up to that counter where I stood. Let him not tremble, for he has nothing to tremble about.

Let him say: "I want to do a job of work against Hitler" and he will be in good company.

There have even been professors in the Employment Exchange queue

Desperate new intrigues to build up a "New Order" in Europe are designed to remedy Hitler's failure last month—the most startling diplomatic setback in his career. Here, for the first time, VICTOR SCHIFF reveals a significant quarrel between the Axis warlords and the truth about——

HITLER'S Biggest Defeat

MILLIONS of Frenchmen who long for a British victory have thrown Hitler into a raging fury.

Their resistance has caused him as great a defeat in the diplomatic field as the military reverse he suffered when Britain smashed his September attempt at invasion.

He urgently needed a peace settlement with France for several reasons. To influence the American presidential election. To obtain French naval and air bases on both sides of the Mediterranean so that his Middle East war would no longer stagnate in the Libyan sands.

ABOVE ALL, HE WANTED A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE REAL PEACE HE HAD PROMISED HIS PEOPLE BEFORE THE WINTER.

Though he could not send home millions of soldiers for Christmas, he might at least forestall the grumblers by presenting them with an *ersatz* peace.

Laval and other traitors, for whom a British victory would mean exile and ruin, were anxious to oblige.

They want to return to Paris, where they would feel safer under the protection of German bayonets than in unoccupied France.

They hope to secure the release of two million French prisoners-of-war, so that these men and their anxious families might forgive the first concession made by the panicky Pétain Cabinet last June.

Hitler and Laval, having much the same interests, easily agreed on "peace" terms. Nor was it difficult to cajole the eighty-four-year-old Marshal Pétain.

Hitler and Pétain smiled while Himmler looked on—but they forgot the jealous Mussolini.

Blowing the Gaff!

Then the unexpected happened.

Mr. Churchill, warned of the negotiations, made his stirring broadcast to the French nation.

And the B.B.C. revealed to millions of French people—who secretly tune-in to London every night—the terms of the prospective settlement:

Alsace-Lorraine for Germany. Nice and perhaps Corsica for Italy. Joint administration by Vichy and the Axis of the colonies. Use of bases, and probably the French fleet as well, against Britain.

That was too much for most of the people. Reaction was so strong, particularly in the army and the North African colonies, that it was felt even in Vichy.

Ambassador Charles-Roux, key man of the diplomatic service, resigned.

Pétain's chief adviser—Minister of Justice Alibert—warned him not to commit himself beyond the "principle" of what Hitler and Laval had decided to call "collaboration for the new European order."

But it was too late to postpone Pétain's meeting with Hitler that had been arranged by Laval.

The aged Marshal kept the appointment. Though flattered by the pomp with which the Germans received him, he did not fall into the trap prepared for him.

Blandishments Failed

Of course he was willing to collaborate with Germany! But what about the terms?

"They can be worked out later between Goering and Laval," said Hitler, evasively. "We, as Leaders of States, ought always to concern ourselves only with the general lines of great schemes, leaving the details to our Ministers."

The blandishments failed.

"I must tell you frankly," said the old man, "that though we are resigned to paying a heavy price for our defeat by a superior and gallant army, no Frenchman would cede an inch of our national or colonial territory to Italy.

"We do not like your countrymen," he continued, with quiet dignity, "but we respect and even admire them.

"We have only contempt for people who betrayed your country twenty-five years ago and ours last June, when they thought they could take arms against us just in time to share the booty without risk or losses."

Hitler did not appear offended by Pétain's bluntness.

"I shall see Mussolini in Florence this week," he said calmly, "and I assure you that he will agree to drop his claims on France.

"We do not demand that you should take an active part in the war, but, in exchange for the return of your prisoners and the transfer of your Government to Paris, you must grant us the facilities for pressing home our final attack."

Pétain had been prepared for this difficulty.

"What would you gain," he objected, "if you obtained the use of our bases and even of our fleet, but, as a result, our African possessions repudiated our authority and became strongholds for De Gaulle and Churchill?"

Critical Atmosphere

It was eventually agreed that this point should be deferred for further consideration.

Pétain, back in Vichy, found a critical atmosphere.

ALL FRANCE WAS NOW LISTENING TO THE B.B.C. AND SWISS STATIONS. THE FRENCH RADIO HAD BECOME GENERALLY MISTRUSTED.

Laval, appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs, was given charge of wireless propaganda. An imperative ban was placed on listening to London or Lausanne.

The unhappy Marshal broadcast a threatening speech against those who refused to trust him. But he promised to sign nothing dishonourable—he "had accepted the principle of collaboration."

He didn't say, "only the principle."

That would arouse German suspicions. But he hoped the French people would understand what he meant.

Meanwhile, Hitler arrived in Florence. An uneasy meeting!

He would have liked to reproach Mussolini about the snail's pace of the offensive in Egypt, but naturally the Duce would have retorted with a sneer at the invasion of Britain.

Besides, Germany had once again studied her own interests by grabbing Rumania, despite Italian claims to priority in the Balkans.

"No doubt you will seize your chance," he suggested to Mussolini. "Take Greece, and you will be able to jump over to Syria, Palestine, Egypt.

"Naturally, all you conquer there will be yours alone. I am not interested. France will help provided you drop your claims to Nice, Corsica and Tunis."

Reversed Roles

"Never!" exclaimed Mussolini violently. "That was the price we agreed upon last spring at the Brenner for my intervention."

There followed, according to information that can be accepted as reliable, an unusual spectacle—the ranting Fuehrer being forced to listen to an impassioned harangue by his junior partner.

"It was by keeping an entire French army idle on the Alpine frontier that I enabled you to carry out your lightning offensive against France.

"My declaration of war in June broke the backbone of French resistance and saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of your troops.

"Remember, also, that your predecessor—the Kaiser—would never have lost his war had we not intervened on the side of the Allies.

"Yet we were cheated at Versailles.

"I tell you, we are not prepared to be bilked a second time.

"No! What is promised is promised. I insist upon Nice, Corsica, Tunisia. Savoy and Toulon will be demanded for bargaining purposes, but eventually waived to show our magnanimity.

No Renunciations

"I shall send you more submarines into the Atlantic and 'planes against London. But I cannot make renunciations that would anger every Blackshirt."

Hitler, annoyed lest his great plan of a separate peace with France should fall to pieces like a crippled dive-bomber, decided to send Goering to Paris.

The screw must be tightened still further on Laval.

But the situation rapidly deteriorated.

Mussolini, still suspicious of a rapprochement between Germany and France at his expense, suddenly issued a challenging denial:

"Never have we renounced any of our claims against France; nor have we ever been asked to do so."

He knew that Hitler would not dare to contradict him, that Pétain and Laval would not be so rash as to retort.

But the challenge was surprisingly answered from the other side of the Mediterranean.

General Weygand, despatched by Vichy to quell the De Gaulle sympathies in North Africa, declared that never would a Government headed by Marshal Pétain sign dishonourable conditions and surrender French territory!

Hitler was beside himself with rage. His "peace" plan was spoiled: everything was going wrong.

Drag on the Chariot

Mussolini was becoming a grave drag on the Nazi chariot. Not only did he refuse to help its driver to pull Pétain from beneath its wheels, but he was clearly incapable of driving himself through Greece.

Roosevelt had been re-elected, announced more American aid for Britain!

The R.A.F. bombed Munich on the night of his beer-cellar address to his Old Guard and made him appear a fool to most of his subjects. . . .

Furiously, he ordered Goering to leave for Paris at once. The right man for such a **mission**, the stout bully thundered reproaches against Laval.

"It is you who are responsible for the insult to the Reichsfuehrer.

"He relied upon your influence with Pétain. Instead, we hear from all sources that this old fool grows obstinate.

"Explain to me, also, the action of Weygand. We agreed—reluctantly, you remember—to let him go to Morocco because you assured us that he would stop the movement in favour of De Gaulle.

"Instead, you allow him to issue the most astonishing statements. Perhaps he is even launching a movement himself to challenge your authority.

"Very well. Prove your authority. Recall him instantly.

More Threats

"There can be no question, now, of a peace settlement. It must be postponed until you have won popular support for your policy. The people must be taught what it means to defy the Reich.

"First, we shall expel from Lorraine all who speak the French language. You must admit them to your area or we shall deport them to Poland.

"That is a beginning. The rest depends upon you. I repeat, your countrymen must be made to realise who are the victors."

Laval returned to Vichy like a beaten dog and reported to the Cabinet. In public he declared viciously that there would be no difficulties but for Britain and De Gaulle.

Berlin added a stern confirmation. "No peace with France so long as the war against Britain goes on! The French people who rejected our Fuehrer's generous offer of collaboration will one day regret the missed opportunity!"

WELL, THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN.

THE ONLY CERTAINTY IS THAT HITLER'S MOST STARTLING DIPLOMATIC DEFEAT HAS, BEEN INFLICTED UPON HIM BY A PASSIVE BUT INDIGNANT FRENCH PUBLIC.

FREEDOM on the MARCH

By A. G. GARDINER

I HAVE been asked, in a quite friendly spirit, to develop a remark which I made last week.

The remark was to the effect that I saw taking shape a Front of Freedom, backed by a material and moral might that would hurl the powers of darkness back into the abyss from which they came and to which they belonged.

What, I am asked, is this Front of Freedom that is taking shape? I will answer as the facts present themselves to me.

No true valuation of these facts can be made without an understanding of the immense initial advantages with which Hitler got away from the mark. He was given a seven years' start to lay the mine with which he intended to blow up Europe and leave himself supreme above the wreckage.

Seven Years' Start

In fact, he had more than a seven years' start, for the Nazi conspiracy was formulated before he came to power in 1933. It had all been set down in "Mein Kampf" nearly ten years earlier.

BUT IT SEEMED SO CRAZY AND INCREDIBLE THAT NOT UNTIL 1938 DID THE WORLD REALLY AWAKE TO THE VAST CRIME THAT IMPENDED. AND EVEN THEN IT TOOK NO COLLECTIVE MEASURES TO MEET THE PERIL.

It was as if a wolf had suddenly leapt into the midst of a folded flock of sheep. They were helpless either to defend themselves or to escape.

This explains the staggering triumph that has made Hitler the master of Europe from the English Channel to the Black Sea and from the North Cape to Marseilles. If he had won the Battle of Britain he might have won the world.

But with his defeat at the Straits of Dover all his initial impetus was exhausted, and the jerry-built empire he has established over Europe will go as completely and perhaps as suddenly as it came.

It will go because, not for the first time in history, nor for the second, Britain, in Pitt's famous words, "has saved herself by her exertion and will save Europe by her example." We stopped the rot at the cliffs of Dover.

IN DOING SO WE GAVE WHAT I HAVE CALLED THE FRONT OF FREEDOM THAT WHICH IT MOST NEEDED—TIME. TIME TO RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK, TIME TO ASSEMBLE ITS FORCES, TIME TO GATHER ITS MOMENTUM, TIME TO BRING INTO PLAY THE GRANDEUR OF ITS MORAL MOTIVE.

Growing Effect

You may see the effect already in Greece. You see it in the United States. You see it in the islands of the far seas. Soon you will see it in Europe itself.

In the days of his adversity Napoleon said that there were only two forces in the affairs of men, "the sword and the spirit," and that of the two the spirit would always triumph.

When the cause of the spirit is armed with the keener sword that triumph is doubly assured. And now that Hitler's shock tactics have done their worst and still failed, the material power of the Front of Freedom is in the ascendant.

It is true that Hitler has all Europe under his heel as completely as Napoleon once had, but that is a source of weakness more than of strength.

He has enslaved the peoples, but he has not conquered them. He has not destroyed their passion for liberty: he has only intensified it. He is enveloped by nations who hate his tyranny, remember his crimes and await only the hour and the opportunity of revenge.

HIS FIFTH COLUMN TACTICS ARE REVERSED TO-DAY. EVERY COUNTRY HE HAS OUTRAGED IS THRONGED WITH A FIFTH COLUMN THAT HAS NO PURPOSE BUT HIS DESTRUCTION. IS THAT STRENGTH OR WEAKNESS?

Hitler knows the peril in which he stands in the midst of an enslaved and enraged Europe and confronted with the unsuspected might of Britain. Hence his feverish bids for help from Tokio and Moscow. Hence such desperate savageries as that inflicted on Coventry.

The Front of Freedom

Turn from the Front of Slavery to the Front of Freedom. It is true that the British Commonwealth still bears alone the burden of this mighty struggle for the soul of the world—alone, that is, save for heroic Greece.

We may say with pride that this great community of free nations has risen to the emergency with a solidarity and a fervour that have astonished not only the world and not only Hitler, but also ourselves.

It is on this rock that Hitler's ambitions suffered their first shock, and it is on this rock that they will founder.

THE SPIRIT IN WHICH THE BRITISH PEOPLE IN ALL LANDS HAVE MET THE CHALLENGE OF BARBARISM HAS BEEN A REVELATION OF THE POWER OF FREEDOM TO INSPIRE MEN TO HEROIC DEEDS.

It is a revelation, too, of the only basis on which nations can be bound together for their mutual interest and protection.

While Hitler is seeking to establish his "New Order" in Europe through slavery, the concentration camp and the secret police, the British Empire gives an object lesson of the power of democracy and free self-governing institutions to solve the problems of international relationships.

We have shown that in the British system we have a League of Nations in being, bound together by mutual respect and good will, that can meet the shocks of circumstances with a fortitude that nothing can shake.

That lesson will not be lost upon the Europe that will emerge when this hideous nightmare is over.

It is being learned even now in the fires of affliction. Two of Hitler's victims, Czechoslovakia and Poland, where hostilities in the past have so tragically played into his hands, have entered into a solemn pact for mutual co-operation when their countries have recovered their freedom.

I cannot doubt that their example will be widely followed. It cannot be followed too soon.

Norway, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and the rest know to-day that if they had been good neighbours, loyally co-operating for their common defence, they would not have fallen a prey to the wolf in their midst.

"His Fall is Certain"

I KNOW, AS FAR AS ANYONE CAN KNOW ANYTHING IN HUMAN AFFAIRS, THAT THESE STRICKEN PEOPLES WILL BE RESURRECTED. I KNOW IT BY THE SAME INSTINCT THAT LED COLERIDGE—WHEN HE HEARD THAT NAPOLEON HAD DECLARED THAT SMALL STATES MUST ALWAYS SUCCUMB TO GREAT ONES—TO SAY: "THANK GOD! HE HAS SEALED HIS FATE; FROM THIS MOMENT HIS FALL IS CERTAIN."

But there are other and more potent directions in which I see the Front of Freedom preparing the doom of the Front of Slavery. There is the gathering strength, moral and material, from all the menaced races of mankind, in Africa and in Asia, no less than from the desolated nations of Europe.

There is, above all, the mighty power of the democratic Americas. How long it will be before that power is fully unleashed we do not know. But the time must come, and soon, when the United States must share the burden that we are carrying as much for her salvation as for our own.

Meanwhile, she has mobilised the Americas in the defence of the cause of freedom. All her vast industrial resources are working night and day on our behalf. The exchange of her surplus destroyers for naval and air bases may be regarded as the first instalment of her help in the most critical theatre of the war.

Our Ally the Sea

For, after all, the greatest ally that the Front of Freedom possesses is the sea.

IT WAS OUR SEA POWER WHICH WON THE LAST WAR. IT IS OUR SEA POWER THAT WILL WIN THIS.

The glorious achievements of our airmen saved us from the knock-out blow on which Hitler had confidently calculated. And it is our air power which has struck and will increasingly strike such deadly blows at the vitals of Hitler's war machine.

But it is our sea power—naval and mercantile—on which victory ultimately rests, and here it is in the power of the United States to make assurance doubly sure.

NOR CAN IT BE THOUGHT THAT FRANCE, BETRAYED BY TRAITORS, HAS SAID HER LAST WORD OR STRUCK HER LAST BLOW FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

These are some of the considerations I had in mind in expressing my confidence in Freedom's Front. And let me add that I have equal confidence that when this agony is over it will be the experience of that Front which will shape the better world for which we hope as the reward of all our sacrifices.

ROUNDING UP SHIRKERS

£500 is not an unusual sum—one magnate paid £1,000 so that his son may evade military service—and many an Army-dodger is now buying his "freedom" by monthly instalments of twenty pounds or so, as though it were a secondhand car.

I have heard quite a lot about a busy little man professing to be a broker. He has a well-established business, and his friends are not as surprised as they might be that he maintains an air of prosperity when the rest of them are having such a quiet time.

But they don't know of his profitable side line.

They'd never think that he was one of the Army-dodger's best friends. Yet he is only too glad to find a job for you in a business covered by the Schedule of Reserved Occupations—if you have the money with which to pay for the privilege.

Payment of £300 was all he asked when a man communicated with him through a friend the other day.

It was quite safe, he said, and he was "doing it cheap for a friend."

Well, it's not so safe as he thinks. And I will refrain from giving you his name and address because I don't want to handicap the police enquiries into his activities.

During the last few months Scotland Yard has uncovered many ingenious dodges to avoid military service.

THE would-be dodger was to describe himself in his papers as a tailor or a machinist. He did so, and added "gowns" to indicate the articles in whose manufacture he was supposed to be concerned.

This didn't please the Ministry official.

He asked for £50, and said that the other could avoid service only if he changed "gowns" to "managing director." And so the dodger was to be put among the "reserved."

The official asked for two instalments of £25, and arranged that his client, "the managing director," should supply his wife and child with clothes at wholesale prices for the duration of the war.

But the so-called "managing director" had already told Scotland Yard of the Ministry of Labour official's mean plot, and he went through with the later negotiations on the instructions of detectives.

When the official was banished from the Ministry, it was revealed that he had twice been to prison for fraud.

Other detectives, helping in this nation-wide campaign, took a statement from a man who admitted that he had impersonated somebody else at a military medical board.

Physically unfit, he received a handsome bribe for giving another name before the doctors.

There are instances of dishonest clerks being bribed to take grade cards from Government offices so that an expert forger in London could fill in the facts, showing that the men concerned were physically disabled.

That is why Government action is being taken to change regulations now controlling the "Reserved Occupations."

Meantime, unscrupulous business men are making quite a good thing out of this unsavoury racket.

Some of them work with dishonest Government officials; others have means of persuading firms, governed by the Reserved Occupations regulations, to declare that their "clients" are essential to the war effort, giving them a "job" for the purpose.

A few with money to invest in this racket have even bought businesses that come within the meaning of the Act so that they can "sell jobs" to those who want to avoid conscription.

On my desk I have details of a firm that has recently been resuscitated after lying dormant for years. Still on the files at Somerset House, it was easily brought to life again.

It now serves only one purpose. It puts the man who bought it on the list of reserved occupations.

Chief Inspector Salisbury has played an important part in the successful campaign against Army shirkers.

Scotland Yard detectives caused a Ministry of Labour official to be dismissed the service when they proved that he had been helping the dodgers.

One of the men who visited him received a "hint" that he could be put among the "reserved"—if he had the money to spare.

So many men have received "exemption" in this way that after talking with a clerk, formerly employed by a Ministry of Labour Medical Board, the police are scrutinising the files for forgeries.

Meantime, it has been made impossible for clerks to steal these essential cards.

AMONG the most expensive methods of avoiding service is being treated with a dangerous drug that produces temporary epilepsy.

Officials became suspicious when they realised that men who had been passed as A1 by military medical boards were being released from the Army because further examination had proved them to be "epileptics."

Medical men then guessed that a drug was being used to cause this temporary disablement.

And one famous specialist, confronted by a young man recently treated with this drug, said he would have no hesitation in certifying him as an incurable epileptic.

Scotland Yard has already had ten men convicted for Army-dodging, and you can rest assured that from now on few of the slackers will get away with it.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

They Caught Her!

NINETEEN months have elapsed since JOHN BULL told the truth about a woman who described herself as "Lady Haldon" under the heading, "Bogus Peeress Who Borrowed an Heir."

JOHN BULL denounced the woman as an adventuress, described how she had taken a newly-born child from a working woman, registered it in her name, supplying false evidence in an attempt to prove that the father was the Fourth Baron Haldon.

Soon after these disclosures appeared (on April the First!), "Lady Haldon" called on me, threatening to sue JOHN BULL for libel if I did not apologise.

She was still talking angrily about heavy damages when the police began asking me for further information.

Now, partly through what I told the authorities, this notorious woman has been sent to penal servitude on the charges JOHN BULL made against her.

She used many other titled names, but she could not escape the law, even though it moved so slowly.

* * *

J. I. LAMBERT, Queen's Parade, Station Road, Ealing, London, offers an "Entirely Private and Clerical Spare-Time Occupation" that will show a good financial return. It is another of those objectionable home-work schemes about which I am almost tired of issuing warnings.

Yet people still write to me about it!

* * *

DON'T trust the glib, never-so-helpful philanthropists who appear after air raids, asking for money so that they can "ensure" owners of damaged property receiving compensation without delay.

Among these untrustworthy "Good Samaritans" is Victor Langston, who came out of prison only three months ago after completing the term imposed on his thirteenth conviction.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. T. H. SANDY, of Duchy Road, Paignton, Devon, receives this week's Public Benefactor Guinea.

He provided interesting information I have filed among my records.

Once again I invite readers to send details of any case that obviously calls for enquiry or editorial comment.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor" and address them personally to me.

Mine Host Is a Vulture

I CANNOT refrain from joining the national condemnation of unscrupulous innkeepers who are betraying the age-old traditions of their profession by preying on those seeking respite from air raids.

During my recent tour of Britain's evacuation areas, I found many of these villains.

In comparison, the notorious innkeeper of the bad old days who murdered his guests for the trinkets they carried in their saddlebags was a man of principles.

He never utilised a national emergency to feather his own nest.

In far too many instances to-day, "Mine Host" is out for all he can get.

He is not troubled by the knowledge that people seeking shelter for the night are desperately eager to enjoy a full night's sleep in normal circumstances, away from the terror of Hitler's bombers.

Pay the Extra

He is not troubled by the knowledge that ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth the innkeeper has been under an obligation to provide accommodation for "man and beast."

This is in return for the privilege, granted by the State, to sell intoxicating drinks.

The *blitzkrieg* innkeeper merely picks and chooses among would-be guests so that he shall accommodate only those who are likely to stay, who can afford to tip well and will spend plenty of time in the bar.

He has the effrontery to tell those who ask for rooms that they can have accommodation only by the day, which means that instead of paying half a guinea for bed and breakfast, they must pay twenty-six shillings for a full day's shelter and meals.

Even people who want to move on in the morning have to pay the extra fourteen shillings odd, or sleep out.

On a bitter, wet afternoon I left my luggage and car in a country lane and strolled into a fashionable hotel to ask for shelter.

The Grand Duchess

The noblemen disguised as hall-porters looked through me.

The grand duchess in the reception-desk listened to my petition with vinegar aspect, glanced at my rough clothes and saturated waterproof and called for the manager.

He agreed reluctantly that I could have a room.

Later I heard him refuse accommodation to a motor-bicyclist father who was looking for a room in which his two daughters could spend their half-term holiday.

Yet at dinner a loquacious waiter told me that there were plenty of empty rooms in the place.

By the time I returned to town I realised that the only way to ensure getting accommodation where there were empty rooms was to produce your money when you spoke to the people at the reception bureau and offer to pay in advance!

Meantime, I have only contempt for despicable hotel-keepers who are so unscrupulous. And I have the greatest respect for the other, the kind-hearted, typical "Mine Host" who graciously finds room even at his own expense for the bomb weary.

Such men prevent you from losing faith completely in the profession.

SHORTY wouldn't Hit Back

The naval gunner loves his well-oiled trim little gun as though it were his child. It's just part of the great tradition, and the hero of this story was no exception

Sterling son of the Red Duster, Shorty was a dead-shot gunner, asking and giving no quarter. Yet there was a time when he didn't hit back, and this cameo of war on the High Seas is told by a veteran who has sailed two million salt-water miles — Commodore G. Purssey Phillips.

SHORTY was a fine gunner.

He loved his well-oiled, trim little high-angle gun as though it were his child. He spent hours fussing over it. He spent more time with his gun, keeping it in perfect order, than he did with anything or anybody.

A lonely sort of coup, he takes a prominent place among the strangest characters of the sea. I'll tell you why.

You must realise first that Shorty was an inveterate solitary.

He could have been popular with his shipmates, for he loved to strum away on a banjo in his leisure moments. Yet he always played only for himself, hidden away in a remote corner of the vessel.

And he never wanted to go ashore. Most of the men seemed to have a wife in every port, but Shorty was wedded only to his gun.

Then things changed.

The New Hand

A new hand signed on, a lanky fellow with a cast in one eye, a gorilla-like frame and a knack of getting into trouble.

He could work as well as the best, having been at sea all his life. Yet he always seemed to be getting into hot water with the Mates—or into fights with other men.

As he was immensely strong, these fights had only one end, and they made him unpopular.

He had a funny way of staring with his cross-eyes at any officer who gave him a dressing-down. He looked menacing, although he meant nothing, and apparently could not help looking like that because of his deformity.

But it did not help him.

Shorty and this man, Lubber Simpson, became great friends.

They were always together.

When Lubber was in trouble Shorty tried to help him out.

One day the ship was standing up-Channel past Land's End in a fresh wind, with a high sea running; not at all the sort of weather you would choose for what was to happen.

There was a distant humming.

Shorty ran to his gun and began to caress it, looking grim under his tin hat; and then out of the sky swooped a Stuka dive-bomber, intent on adding another merchant ship to Goering's list.

Shorty's gun began to chatter.

Even so, the bomber came down with her engine screaming, and there was a vast, shuddering explosion as a volcano of water spouted up near the starboard bow.

The aircraft raced away low over the piling seas, did a swift climbing turn, and came round again for a fresh attack.

There was no vessel for miles.

British aircraft were busy elsewhere.

It was a plunging cargo-boat with its one little stern gun fighting out a straight duel with a formidable enemy warplane.

The lads of the Red Ensign were not dismayed.

They took up "battle quarters," and Shorty got on with the job.

Again the Stuka dived.

Again there came the crashing explosion of a great bomb. The steel hull rang like a great gong.

Ah! Shorty has winged it!

No, the burst of gunfire must have scraped its wing and left it undamaged.

Up it goes, turns, and comes thundering down again.

New tactics this time.

No more bombing.

Its machine-guns burst forth in an elongated crash of violent gunfire.

Down came the bullets, smacking on the decks, screeching past the ear, zipping in the rigging, thrumming into the sea.

Tried to Silence Gun

The German has decided to silence that annoying defending gun. Bullets whack all round it, but do no harm.

Shorty replies with such a fierce burst that the enemy sheers off, only to swoop again.

The ship zigzags violently, changes speed, goes fast, slows, turns this way and that. The duel goes grimly on for ten minutes—twelve minutes. . . .

Then a huge black object drops abaft the funnel. There is a roar as though the ocean had fallen over the edge of the world. The bomb has blown the guts out of the ship and she is listing over, with not many more minutes to float.

"Get out the boats!"

But the Stuka comes low, so low that her great wing seems to sweep the mast, with all guns blazing.

She dives again and again, though Shorty is trying from a hopeless angle to give her a dose of her own medicine.

The Germans are deliberately sweeping the decks of the sinking ship, coldbloodedly smashing the boats and shooting the men who are trying to lower them away.

Only two boats get afloat.

One is instantly drilled like a colander and sinks.

The other pulls away, amid fountains of water cut up by machine-gun bullets. Miraculously it escapes damage. It slides up a hillside of wave, and down out of sight. It bobs like a cork, and spoils the enemy's aim.

Murdered Swimmers

The rest of the ship's company are in the water, swimming round and round, diving when the bomber sweeps low across the waves, whipping the water to foam with bullets intended for the swimmers.

With a sound like a giant's sigh, the ship turns over and plunges into the depths.

When hope is gone three fast armed patrol boats come shearing through the waves, low, swift and menacing.

Whack—whackwhack . . .

White puffs of smoke perilously close to the bomber send it round in a hurry.

It turns and flies off at a great height, leaving indelible memories of its brutality, and of the queer yellow-and-black bars of its camouflage.

Shorty is rescued, but Lubber has gone below.

Shorty saw him hit by a bullet as he swam, watched him turn over and sink.

Shorty becomes more morose and solitary than before.

And more attached to guns.

Two months later, almost in the same position, another big merchant ship comes sturdily up-Channel, and once more a Stuka bomber thunders down out of thick cloud to send a huge bomb hurtling into the water.

The seagods laugh. For this is the sort of coincidence they love.

The aircraft is the same as before, easily identifiable by her peculiar barred black-and-yellow camouflage. And snarling beside the gun in the merchant ship's stern is Shorty the gunner!

Is that another figure beside him, the lanky frame of Lubber? Lubber's body is down below, but Shorty seems to feel the presence of the big man's phantom at his side, helping him to lay the gun. . . .

GR-RRRRRR-RRRRRRRRR. . . .

The Stuka turns abruptly in the middle of a sweeping dive. Her nose comes down. Her pilot wrenches frantically at his controls. Regains an even keel. . .

Snarling, the tin-hatted gunner pulls back the lever once more, and this time the seamen aboard the ship can see great lumps of metal crack off the attacker.

The dive becomes a headlong catastrophe.

The bomber rolls over and over like a shot pheasant, and smashes into the jumping waves.

The engine-room telegraph clangs. The ship heaves-to ready to pick up the German airmen who have been attempting to murder her company.

Broken-Backed Plane

Two Germans, the crew of the Stuka, are busy launching their rubber boat, feverishly attempting to get away from that broken-backed wreck before it drags them down.

They stare at the ship, gesticulate, hold up their hands in surrender, shout something that comes indistinguishably over the waves.

Then they dive into the sea, leaving their boat behind. . . .

Shorty is still growling beside his gun.

Remembering how these men deliberately shot his pal while he was swimming, Shorty brings his gun round to cover the bobbing heads of the German swimmers.

But he does not fire. . . .

Presently they are dragged into a boat and rowed back to the ship.

The prisoners come over the side, staring in terror along the deck towards the stern.

Shorty is still there, and as we look he slews his gun round.

The Germans, too crowded in by men who had been wounded when the Lubber was killed to jump overboard, hold up their hands and yell in all sorts of languages for mercy.

Avenging Figure

Shorty, squat, snarling, with his head sunk between his shoulders, leaves the gun and strides along the deck to face them.

"You shot my messmate—you b—— swine!" he growls.

No one moves.

Sturdy sailors wait.

"You shot him while he was swimming, damn you!" Shorty goes on.

"If you ever get another chance to kill swimming men, remember what I could have done to *you*! Remember how Britishers treat their enemies when down. Remember that!"

The German observer cowers back, but the pilot of the wrecked dive-bomber steps forward with uncertain gait.

He draws himself up, clicks his heels, salutes the gunner . . . and crashes down dead at his feet.

A bullet from that furious burst that brought down the Stuka had ended his life, but not before he was able to acknowledge the chivalry of his foe.

NEXT WEEK: *A Minefield Takes Its Toll*

My Escape

★ *"John Bull" reader Charles Vacher spent seven months travelling from Belgium to London. This is the story of his wild adventures as he struggled backwards and forwards across Western France, begging lifts and walking, with the watchdogs of the Gestapo always on his heels. And he tells you what he saw and heard in the land that was France before he escaped into Spain.*

FOREIGNERS do not find it easy to get out of France.

I started for home last May; I have only recently reached London.

How did I get here?

Well, I started from the Belgian frontier, travelled across to Normandy, went back to Paris, fled to the Pyrenees, crossed into Spain by a route that must still be kept a secret, reached Portugal, and eventually travelled to England by air.

Seven months of adventure!

How did I travel?

Well, on anything that had wheels—and by walking when there weren't any wheels.

I travelled with anybody who wanted a "paying guest" as a passenger. And when it was no longer possible to buy or beg a lift—well, I just kept on walking.

YET, BOMBED OUT OF THE TOWNS, MACHINE-GUNNED OFF THE ROADS, BY AN ENEMY BENT ON WANTON DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN LIFE AND PROPERTY, UNWASHED, UNSHAVED, I MANAGED FINALLY TO ESCAPE WITH A MEMORY THAT WAS DEEPLY ETCHED WITH SUFFERING, HARDSHIP, HOPE AND BRUTALITY.

Life Without Liberty

France as we knew it no longer exists.

Instead, there is a sad country of life without liberty, where food problems are already acute, where rationing and restrictions are already severe.

Two-thirds of the country are officially "occupied" by the enemy, who has a widespread system of "Gestapo" control over the remainder.

Few Frenchmen will talk because of the fear that the next-door neighbour might be a Nazi informer.

Nazis are systematically robbing France of everything she possessed.

It is now impossible to manufacture without Nazi permission.

Where a factory has restarted under Nazi control, long hours are enforced, and no deviation from the schedule is allowed.

Towns and factories in unoccupied areas are visited frequently.

When I was in Pau a few weeks ago, I saw two cars containing civilians, and driven by Germans, arrive at the Prefecture.

Reports reached me that Toulouse, big demobilisation centre, and Tarbes, aviation "H.Q.," were included in these "visits," although they are miles from the zone dividing line.

GERMAN WAR 'PLANES STILL USE THE "SAFE" AERODROMES OVER THE LINE.

German soldiers in occupied territory are polite to all French civilians, but Nazi officials seek by all means in their power to weaken the moral fibre of France.

Her national pride is continually being humiliated.

To Frenchmen, July 14, the French National Fête Day, represents the storming of the Bastille, the overthrow of tyrants, and the liberation of the people.

This year all ceremonies were prohibited by the Nazis; in the unoccupied area it was treated as a day of national mourning.

All shops and cafés were shut, and a short military parade, without music, was held in front of each local war memorial as a reminder to the nation of the sadness of the hour.

Archbishop Intervenes

German authorities intimated that they would hold a sort of "celebration service" in Paris in the Basilique de Montmartre—that wonderful white marble church built by the Parisians for themselves.

It needed all the courageous efforts of the Archbishop of Paris to prevent the Nazis proceeding with the idea.

He told them quite frankly that to hold a sort of pagan victory mass in a world-renowned Catholic church would be a crowning insult, and he would not be responsible for the reactions of the people of Paris.

There was a terrific wave of resentment when it was announced that Hitler had been in Paris to visit Napoleon's tomb and the Unknown Soldier's grave at the Arc de Triomphe.

And the newspapers were instructed officially to deny it.

The French do not yet realise the true extent of the betrayal of France.

Hundreds of thousands of "demobilised" soldiers and refugees are now busy locating their families lost in the retreat. When these people find themselves together again, comforted, reunited—well, anything might happen.

The Inner Flame

It is the inner flame that the Nazis seek to quench. They know well enough that once the flame burns up, nothing will stop the movement that will sweep across the country.

Reports from divergent sources suggest that the birth of such a movement has already taken place, and that at the first signs of a major British victory, with a consequent slackening of the German oppression, events will move rapidly.

The London broadcasts of Free Frenchmen are carefully followed, and reception, even at Pau, in the Pyrenees, is good.

Newspapers of both zones contain little that is not German propaganda, but real news somehow gets around.

I crossed the Spanish frontier by a route that I wish to keep secret.

In my rapid passage across Spain, I gained the impression that Spaniards were in no shape for another war.

Private cars on the road are a rarity, so scarce is petrol.

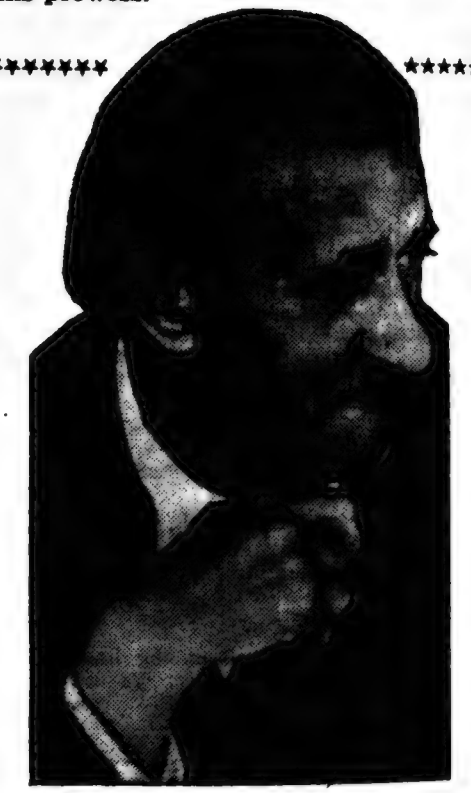
Although food is plentiful, the cost of living is high and the people are still paying heavily for the Civil War.

Cigarettes Rationed

Cigarettes are rationed to forty a week, and a foreigner has to stay two days at a hotel before he gets his ration.

At the cafés and milk-bars the waiters have rolls of war-tax tickets attached to their jackets. On paying for drinks consumed, you also buy these tickets on a percentage basis, as a contribution to the reconstruction of Spain.

None of the people I talked to on my way down to Portugal seemed impressed by tales of Axis prowess.



WHY ARE MINISTERS GLOOMY ON THE AIR?

● I do not mean their speeches, but the sound of them. Both Eden and Duff Cooper, even if they are announcing cheery news, sound like small-town parsons.

The B.B.C. is gloomy enough without the sepulchral sounds coming from statesmen.

The truth is, of course, that only a very few people, unless they are actors trained to an affectation of cheerfulness, even among themselves, can face with anything but gloom the prospect of speaking down a "mike."

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On the contrary, they seemed convinced of the solid might of the British Empire.

Gibraltar?

Pah—Propaganda!

This impression of confidence was increased a hundredfold in Portugal.

A clean, prosperous country; modern stations; tile-fronted houses; well-stocked shops and, above all, a pleasant, agreeable people.

Even though there are about 276,000 refugees of all nationalities in their country, no major problems have arisen and everyone seems happy.

British newspapers are to be found everywhere, well displayed.

This is excellent propaganda, because if the goods are there to sell, they are arriving from England, and no German could prove otherwise.

In Favour of Britain

Impressions of the war, now that Lisbon has become Europe's clearing-house of nations, were almost all in favour of Britain, though many people were wondering what she would do when the victory was won.

There is general sympathy for France; and a definite opinion that "she is not yet finished."

IT IS CONSIDERED THAT GERMANY IS ONLY NOW UP AGAINST REAL RESISTANCE, AND THAT THE NAZIS WILL BE DEFEATED, IN SPITE OF THEIR COLOSSAL WAR MACHINE.

I NEVER HEARD ANY MENTION OF ITALY'S PART IN THE WAR.

Busy Consulate

The British consulate is among the busiest places in Lisbon, and the little waiting-room is always full.

I met there a solid-looking old sea-captain who said with a pronounced Welsh accent: *"Still sailing? I should think so! It 'ud take more 'an Hitler to keep me off.*

"How long to get home? Well, it's a sort of round trip: takes me not far short of a month.

"Depends how you're going. Some boats take a few passengers at 30s. a day, all found. Yes, all found!"

Luckily, I was able to come home by air.

Possibly I missed something. And even now in London, I think of that "round trip" and the smile of the old sea-captain who said happily: "Yes, 30s. a day, an' all found!"

Nazi officials are doing all they can to humiliate conquered France, knowing well that once the spark of liberation that is now being struck bursts into flame, they will have no second chance to turn these people into a second-rate nation

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

...usual... A man trained to recite "Dearly ...below... brethren" in a half-empty ...church... doesn't alter, even if no one is ...there.

...Ta... to an audience which is human... and ...responsive—or, if not, combative, ...which... something, anyway—is one thing. ...Sitting... in a room alone and reading out ...a lot... words that you have prepared ...before... and—well, you hate the very look ...of th... before you start.

...At... h no good at this.
...Ch... ertain was not up to much.
...Be... is usually all right.
...So... nes, Morrison has got it over.

...Ch... ill is the best of the radio ...speak... new in the Government. But even ...he d... not do it too often.

DO ... WHIPS RUN PARLIAMENT?

● W... Vyvyan Adams, M.P., attacked ...D... Margesson, the chief Tory Whip, ...in t... House a fortnight ago, he was ...not ... h exaggerating the general idea ...that ... ips exercise too much control.

...We... e wise, **Winston would have got** ...rid o... rgesson, **given him a directorate** ...of t... ez Canal, **for instance, if he** ...want... Job, **for the whole House knows** ...Marg... n has **bossed the Tories for too** ...long.

...No... by, a Whip is supposed to chase ...his o... ide into the House for important ...divisi... make them toe the line, and ...keep ... politics straight.

...Th... e advises his leader just what ...Back... chers are thinking in private.

...Alt... h the Speaker, the other day, ...insist... that he arranged a debate, he ...usual... lls on speakers whose names are ...on li... given him by the Whips. If an ...M.P. ... been naughty, a Whip rubs out ...his n... e.

By sheer persistency, Margesson has obtained more control than any Whip in the history of the Commons.

It has been the fault of M.P.s themselves.

The remedy is theirs, too.

If they didn't obey the crack of the whip, no one would fear it.

SHOULD BOMB VICTIMS PAY PURCHASE TAX?

● I mean on the goods they have to buy in replacement of those lost?

They shouldn't, but they have.

The principle of insurance or of compensation should be aimed at ensuring that when a bomb hits a house the loss should be spread over the country as a whole.

That can't be so when the State gives a man £50 to buy £50 worth of goods—and takes £12 of it back with the other hand.

Apologists for such methods make the age-old excuse that you can't discriminate a lot in legislation—that you can't have one price for the bomb victim and another for the person whose luck has held out.

A note from the local authorities should be enough to ensure a repayment of the tax.

It seems quite simple to me; but, then, I haven't had my brain addled by the tortuous methods of Government offices.

SHOULD SKILLED WAR WORKERS MAKE FAT OVERTIME?

● I hear loud screams about workers who get extra money for overtime. They usually come from sources which say nothing about manufacturers who make extra profits because there is a war on.

For that reason they are suspect.

Mind you, I don't like overtime.

We should train more and more recruits for industry until all the unemployed have been absorbed, and not until everybody has a chance of earning a fair living wage should men be asked to give up the leisure that every man needs.

Until that happens, though, a man deserves to be paid a bit extra for those hours in which he has to keep pegging away, although every muscle and bone in him cries out for rest.

I remember how the munition-makers of the last war got the kicks as profiteers long after the last penny had been wrested from them by people who made fortunes through the war, survived it without any ignominy, and, indeed, were given peerages!

There must be a rigid State control in the costings. We mustn't even be afraid of Nationalisation.

We must build a new London to make a happier life for the million, not to provide wealth for the few.

CAN THE EXPERTS REALLY PLAN A NEW LONDON?

● Already they have a chance with Coventry, which could now be entirely replanned.

London is another matter.

While the majority of buildings that have been demolished by bombs are either rubbishy old slums or near-slums, that should should have been knocked down, anyhow, by gentler means, there remains around them much that could still stand.

A clean sweep would have been easier.

How can there be a plan when we don't know how much rebuilding we have got to undertake?

Already the demand of the people of London is that never again must people live in such squalor as they have had to endure for generations—for as far back as Elizabethan days.

If the spirit is right, the plan should follow—as soon as we know what we have got to plan for.

But Lord Reith has been given, as yet, almost no power. He should be given it.

Now, he can only "recommend" and "consult."

Give him the power!

Then our architects could get busy at once.

Some of them are having a very lean time.

This new London must be something better than the day-dream of the speculative builder.

The transport people must join the councils.

We don't want a London designed to increase everybody's travelling expenses.

WILL DEMOCRACY SURVIVE?

● That depends on how our free institutions respond to the urgent demands of war.

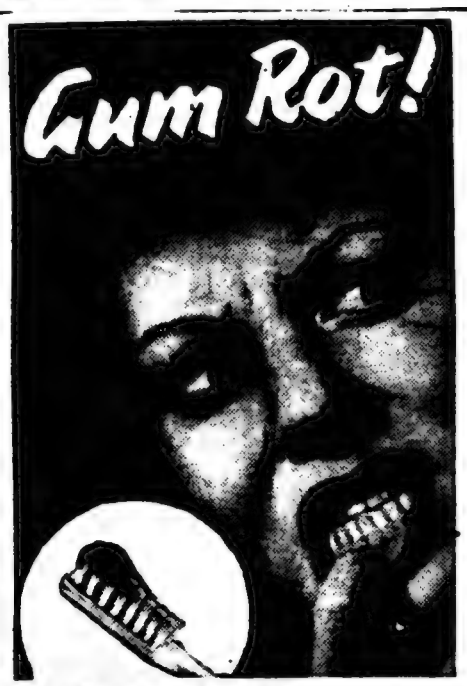
This is a war between Democracy and Totalitarianism, between free men and the slaves of self-appointed demigods.

In such a conflict the first advantage goes to the side that is the best organised, that moves as an ordered unit, that obeys without question, that in which no one but the rulers are considered.

If by unflinching loyalty to its ideals a democracy can defeat such a machine, it will take on a new glory, by justifying everything that has ever been said or written about the rights of man.

If not, people may turn to other methods.

The heroism of the A.R.P., the superb chivalry of the R.A.F., and the marvellous response to War Savings appeals—more than £400,000,000; more, indeed, than the Keynes scheme of compulsory saving would have raised—are all triumphs achieved by a free people.



Brush bloodstained? Danger for teeth

Bleeding gums are the danger sign of gum-rot (pyorrhoea), gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Act *now*. Use Gibbs S.R.! Gibbs S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate — the dentist's treatment for gum troubles. Use it *regularly* for healthy gums and teeth.

GIBBS **S.R.** TOOTHPASTE

GR 100-333-65 D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON

Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores

How much SLEEP do we need?

WE are all concerned about our sleep nowadays. How much should we have?

"Eight hours' sleep for a man, nine for a woman, ten for a fool." The famous Dr. John Hunter, Surgeon-Extraordinary to King George III, gave that advice.

Is there any truth in it? No. Men sleep more restlessly than women, and therefore need *more* sleep, not less.

How do we know men sleep restlessly?

Dr. Glenville Giddings, famous American research scientist, made tests with a "hypnograph." This is an ingenious instrument for recording automatically the movements of a sleeping person.

A plunger is attached to the bedsprings. This moves every time the sleeper moves, and makes or breaks an electric contact. These electric "on and off's" are conveyed by wire to the next room where another instrument records them.

"8 for a man, 9 for a woman, 10 for a fool,"

they used to say. Were they right?

Dr. Giddings found that "females are sounder sleepers than males. They not only get to sleep more quickly but sleep more quietly through the night."

Mr. H. M. Johnson, of the Mellon Institute, also found that husbands stir 40% more than their wives!

JOHN WESLEY thought too much sleep was "stupid, unseemly, enervating." He had been used to going to bed at ten o'clock and rising at eight. But he then waked around midnight and concluded this was due to "lying in bed longer than nature required."

So he set an alarm clock for seven. Still he lay awake for some time in the middle of the night. He then set his alarm for six. Then for five. At last for four o'clock. This proved to be early enough: he ceased to lie awake. And the old stalwart arose at 4 a.m. for the next sixty years! (But he often dozed when someone was talking to him!)

The truth is that nobody knows for certain just how long we need to sleep. One thing is sure. A few hours of *deep* sleep are worth many hours of shallow sleep.

ALL of us belong to one of three sleep groups. Sometimes we sleep deep down, deaf to noises, untroubled by dreams. That is 1st Group Sleep. We wake from it rested in body and mind. The hypnograph apparatus would record little movement during such sleep.

At other times we lie uneasily on the surface. This may mean that we sleep right through the night, but so "shallowly" and restlessly that we wake tired, depressed, without any heart for the day.

Or, even worse, it may mean lying awake, straining our ears at every sound, making plans for future action, worrying over anything and everything, and then worrying anew because sleep will not come.

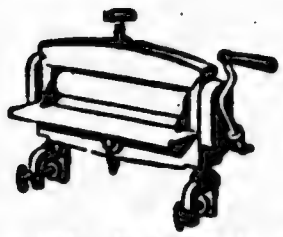
Eight or nine hours of such shallow sleep, or jerky anxious dozing, do you less good than four or five hours of 1st Group Sleep.

The great value of Horlicks is precisely that it helps to give you 1st Group Sleep. People find that after a cup of hot Horlicks last thing, they go to sleep more easily and sleep more deeply. They waken refreshed — fit and alert, ready to face the day and any difficulties it may bring.

You will find the same. It is not how *long* you sleep that counts, but how *well*. Take a cup of hot Horlicks last thing tonight and get 1st Group Sleep.

Things will look so much better tomorrow!

Washing without an Acme is like cooking without a stove



The outstanding things about the Acme are its strength and the wonderful finish it gives to any article — whatever its size or nature. Pressed steel construction gives the strength; cantilever pressure the results. These are the two features that put Acme ahead of all others.

WRINGER — MANGLE — CLEANSER — ALL IN ONE!

The Family Physician

DECISIVE TREATMENT FOR COLDS AND INFLUENZA

You don't stop a cold quickly by aiming only at the symptoms.

Next time you feel you are in for a bad cold, when your eyes burn and your head throbs and you can't breathe for a stuffy nose, take two tablets of Phensic.

Phensic rapidly reaches the blood-stream. And once in your blood Phensic prevents the growth of cold and 'flu germs.

The poisons which these germs produce, which make your head ache and your nose run, must be got rid of. Phensic helps to eliminate them, both via the kidneys and through the pores of the skin.

The result is, that after taking Phensic your temperature comes down to normal and you feel altogether better. A good night's sleep—and you awake free from infection.

Phensic is both fast and effective in its action. It is guaranteed medicinally pure, and it cannot harm even a weak heart. With Phensic 'flu vanishes in half the usual time.

The tonic strengthening effect of Phensic is well described in these words of a doctor who says: "In my experience patients treated with Phensic have a smoother convalescence and do better than those treated otherwise." You can get Phensic everywhere for 3½d., 7d., 1/5, 3/5 and 5/8 (*Including Purchase Tax*).

JOHN BULL'S TEN-MINUTE STORY

Social Item

By WILL SCOTT

THEY called him the Noble Earl in the tap-room at the Olde Potte Dogge. Behind his back, of course. Nobody knew his name. There was some mystery about him.

The only thing that was certain about him was that he wasn't an evacuee. He had been there since the week *before* the war.

After the war broke out some suggested he was a spy, but now months and months had gone by and he never seemed to do any spying.

He never seemed to do anything but enjoy himself in the tap-room at the Olde Potte Dogge.

Never the private bar. Never the saloon bar. *Only* the tap-room.

Although he was, as everybody had to admit, a Real Posh Gent.

It wasn't long before they all came to like him, and he seemed to like them, and their company, better than he liked anything.

He found their rustic lingo difficult at first—as difficult as they found what they used to call his la-di-da—but presently they were able to make up some sort of a common language, and they all got on swimmingly together.

He asked no questions, so that they couldn't, and therefore the answers never came. They gave up wondering after a while, and took him for what he was, a pleasant old buffer, a likeable old sort, a Real Posh Gent.

He came over from somewhere every night about eight, in a plain little car which he parked up the side, and from then to closing time he was as happy as a sandboy, playing darts with them, scoring for them, standing drinks and, since they were an independent lot, accepting a drink now and again.

He was Sir to them. Once the landlord, reaching for a glass, had said, "Excuse me, Mr. — er —," and waited.

But nothing had come of that and they had long ago given up trying to find out his name.

Su to his face. The Noble Earl behind his back. A Nice Old Blighter.

IT might have gone on till the end of the war and for years after that, had not Berty Whipple one night taken aboard more than he could carry.

"You've had enough, Berty," said the landlord, breaking it gently.

Berty looked at the clock. Only ten past eight! A dreadful waste of a night out! Still . . .

He tried to focus the landlord's left ear, but had to give it up.

"Squi' ri'," he said in a loud voice.

"Better go home," the landlord suggested.

"Squi' ri'," Berty agreed. And walked into the door, and, somehow, managed to open it and get out and across the road.

Home seemed a long, long way off to Berty. He wanted to sleep. There was a nice hedge. . . . He moved towards it and fell in a ditch. . . . Well, that wasn't so bad. Dry. Softish. Who cared?

Berty went to sleep.

* * *

When he woke up it was bright moonlight. Two men were talking somewhere. Somewhere behind him. His head thumped. He wondered. . . . Oh, yes! Tight! Tried to go home; fell in a ditch. Yes, he remembered.

Two men talking.

Berty, trying to get everything into its proper place, discovered that he was listening. Two men.

One of them the Noble. The other, by the sound of his voice, another Noble Earl. Blimey! All the aristocracy outside the Olde Potte Dogge.

Berty turned his head an inch. There in the road was *their* Noble Earl's plain little car, and alongside it, facing the other way, was a big yellow car with a silvery bonnet.

Putting two and two together, and listening, Berty found out how it was.

Ready to go home at closing time, indeed just about to drive off, the Noble Earl had been spotted by somebody out of his Past, passing in the big yellow car with the silvery bonnet. And the big yellow car had stopped, and the somebody had got out, and here they were talking.

Berty was amazed.

He went on listening.

And when, presently, it was all over, and the plain little car had gone one way and the big yellow car had gone the other, Berty was more amazed than ever.

He crawled out of the ditch and stood up.

"Well, goodness gracious me!" he exclaimed.

And went home.

He was in the Olde Potte Dogge at two minutes past six the following night.

"I've found out all about him!" he said, proudly.

"Who?"

"The Noble Earl!"

The lads gathered round.

The landlord sprawled across the counter.

"Yer mean——yer know 'oo 'e is?"

"Yes," said Berty.

"'Ow?"

So first he had to go into the details of his adventure in the ditch the previous evening.

"Well, go on," they said when he finished that.

"Well, he ain't a Noble Earl," said Berty. "He's a Sir."

"Sir what?"

"Sir Aubrey Largo, of Largo House, Mayfair!" said Berty.

"Go on!"

"Fact! I heard the whole lot. Largo House, Mayfair!"

"Coo!" said the lads.

"I knew he was something," said the landlord.

"Then wot," said one of the lads, "is he doin' 'ere?"

"Relations," said Berty.

"Relations?"

"Relations."

"'Ow?"

"That's wot the other chap wanted to know. Well, I 'eard the whole boilin' ——I'll tell you."

BERTY told them.

It was a simple story.

Aubrey Largo had been a second son, and of no particular account in the family. It had never been thought, even by him, that he would reach any height or achieve any distinction.

He had no talents.

He had little money.

He kept out of the limelight and was forgotten.

But the elder brother, though married, remained childless. And one day died. And the title and Largo House, Mayfair, came to Aubrey Largo.

For him life at once changed. The limelight was turned on him whether he wished or no. He became a centre.

That would have been bad enough in any case, but he became a focal point, and with him Largo House, Mayfair, for all the people who had seemed unaware of his existence throughout the years before.

Droves of them, for whom his cottage in Hertfordshire had been too, too far away in the provinces, had begun to descend on him.

Cousins, half-cousins, second cousins, cousins ten times removed, nephews, maiden aunts, nieces, everybody. All the relations he had in the land. And all his wife's relations, too. People he had never seen before. Some he had never even heard of.

Largo House, Mayfair, swarmed.

Unwanted as plain Aubrey Largo of the little cottage in Hertfordshire, as Sir Aubrey Largo, of Largo House, Mayfair, he had been pursued.

Until, in the end, leaving no address behind him, he had bolted.

"And you mean to say," said the landlord, "that he's happier here with us?"

"Just workin' chaps, an' 'im a real Sir?" said somebody.

"That's the funny thing," said Berty. "'E is. 'E told 'is pal last night straight. 'E wouldn't go back for anything. 'Is relations an' 'is wife's relations can go chase themselves. Them was 'is very words. In other words."

"For why?" asked the landlord.

"I'll tell you," said Berty. "Because we got simple natures an' the right ideas. Because we live honest and take a man for wot 'e is an' not for the 'andle on 'is name.

"We're the first workin' chaps 'e's ever known properly, an' he thinks we're the salt o' the earth. Them was the very words 'e used. Salt o' the earth. Us!"

"Well, I'm damned!" said the landlord.

AN overloaded trap, filled with every imaginable thing, pulled up outside the Olde Potte Dogge. Mr. Arry Icks got down and assisted Mrs. Arry Icks to alight in her turn.

"Pint," he said, "or I bust. Come on, ole dear."

Mr. and Mrs. Arry Icks went into the Olde Potte Dogge, Mr. Icks very red in the face.

"Pint," said Mr. Icks. "An' a drop o' gin for my ole dear. An' do yer know where we can get any rooms?"

"Clearin' out of London, are you?" asked the landlord, getting the drinks.

Mr. Icks gave Mrs. Icks an arch look.

"Clearin' out o' London, are we, ole dear?" he said.

"He! he! he!" Mrs. Icks laughed gloomily.

"Har! har! har!" Mr. Icks laughed with great bitterness.

"Bombed?" said somebody.

"A fair packet," said Arry Icks. "Not a brick left. Not one blasted brick, you can take it from me. East End. Coo!"

"Must have been awful," said the landlord.

"Awful?"

Arry Icks put down his glass.

"But it wasn't that."

"Nao! They evacuated us. Put us up West in a posh place—Largo House, Mayfair. And from that minute. . . ."

He sighed and looked at Mrs. Icks.

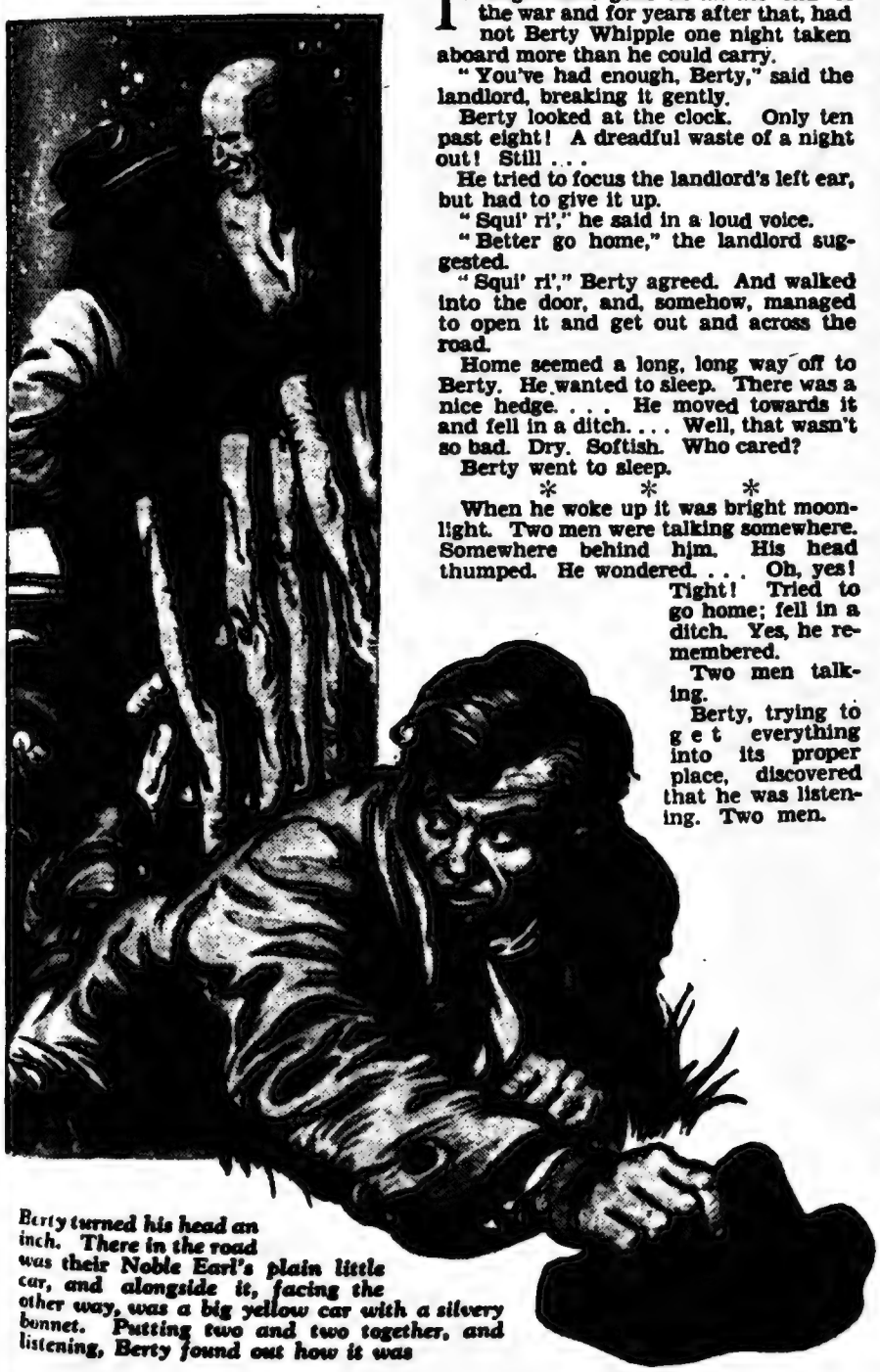
"Dreadful!" said Mrs. Icks.

"Relations we never knew we *'ad*!" said Mr. Icks. "Cousins, aunts, Pete knows wot. From all over London.

"In and out all day long. Day after day. *Swarms* of 'em! 'Coo! I like yer new posh 'ouse, Arry!' 'Coo! you ain't 'arf one o' the swells now, Arry!'

"'Coo! I reckon yer got to put us up for a night or two 'ere, Arry!'

"*Millions* of 'em! Till yer couldn't breathe. Nothin' but blasted relations all over the place. Till I says, 'Ole dear,' I says, 'this is too much. We're 'oppin' it,' I says. An' 'op it we did. An' 'ere we are."



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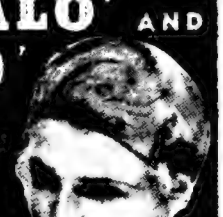
Great Offer to STOMACH SUFFERERS

If you suffer from Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sickness, Discomfort after meals, get a 1/3 bottle of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** TO-DAY. If it does not bring relief, return empty carton to Maclean's Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. Accept this OFFER and put yourself on the path to complete Stomach Health, Good Appetite and Vigorous Digestion!› But here is a VERY IMPORTANT point you MUST remember: The supreme benefits of this famous remedy and of this Money Back Offer can only be enjoyed if you INSIST on **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder**, which is only genuine if the signature 'Alex. C. Maclean' appears on the bottle, carton or tin. Look for this Signature *Alex. C. Maclean*

From all Chemists. In bottles 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½
Also in Tablet Form in Handy Pocket Tins, 7d.
Including Purchase Tax.

INVISIBLE 'HALO' AND 'TANGO' NETS



ASK FOR 'HALO' AND 'TANGO' BY BRAND NAME and be sure you get them

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY . . .

DURING THE BLACK OUT

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation. **9/- DOWN** brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly. Buy NOW before prices increase.

A size for every room.

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End your
RHEUMATISM
BACKACHE
SWOLLEN ANKLES
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while you sleep!
with **Cystex** for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM
THE GUARANTEED REMEDY
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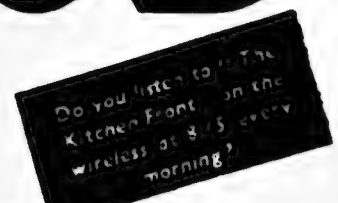
MINISTRY OF FOOD

FOOD FACTS



DON'T think of the Ministry of Food just as something which says "You can't have this, eat less of that". That's a necessary part of its work, to help us to win the war. But it has another side too. Every time you buy any of the foods mentioned below, the Ministry of Food is helping to save your housekeeping money. It also subsidises certain foods so that you can buy them at a reasonable price.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Price-Controlled Foods

Bacon	Lard
Butter	Lemons
Canned Salmon	Meat
Cheese	Milk
Cod Fillets	Onions
Condensed Milk	Oranges
Dried Fruits *	Dried Peas, Beans, Lentils *
Eggs	Potatoes
Ham	Rabbits
Herrings	Sausages
Jam	Sugar
	Tea

* The price of these may vary a little in different parts of the Country.

Biscuit Tin Oven

A little emergency oven is a sensible thing to have by you these days. One of those big square biscuit tins makes an excellent one. You can use it over an oil stove.

Cut two parallel slits, one inch by four inches, in the centre of one side of the tin about one inch apart. Make the lid into a door by wiring it to the tin at one side. Balance the oven firmly on top of the stove, slit-side down. Put inside an inverted baking tin or the trivet from the grill pan to support your baking tray. You can cook slow-baking dishes such as milk puddings and casseroles in this way, and you'll find it useful for heating up such things as shepherd's pie.

War-time Queen of Puddings

Queen of Puddings has always been a favourite. Try this war-time recipe without eggs. Make a pint of sweetened vanilla custard, using about three-quarters of the usual amount of custard powder to a pint of milk and water. Put a dessert-spoonful of cocoa into a bowl with a heaped breakfast cup of breadcrumbs. Beat the custard well in with a fork — the mixture should be nice and wet. If you can spare a small nut of margarine add it to the custard too. Spread a layer of jam — any kind will do — on the bottom of a greased pie dish, pour the custard mixture over the jam and bake for about 20 minutes in a brisk oven. (Enough for four people.)

The Lamb has a Heart as well
as a Shoulder;
The Sheep has a Breast (when
the Lamb's a bit older);
After your Best Boy has
sampled your stew,
It's certain he'll start making
Sheeps' Eyes at you.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

WORK as you've never worked before!

but don't forget this

POINT

FITNESS COMES FIRST

If you're going to "keep at it" you need to look after yourself. A glass of rich, ruby Red Point Wine after a day's job is a duty as well as a pleasure. There's all the concentrated goodness of the finest imported grape-juice in that fine rich flavour. And at 3/3d. the bottle Red Point is a very modest luxury. **Red Point is a rich, ruby wine of Port character. You should also try White Point, at the same price, a white, sweet wine of Port character.*

RED POINT
RICH RUBY WINE

Produced & Bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.

3/3 PER BOTTLE

NOVEMBER 30, 1940

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Wine after a day's job is a
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character. You should
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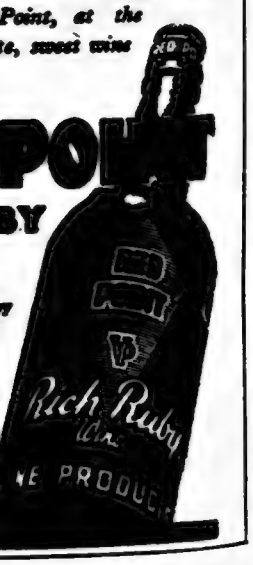


She MAKES *my Life a* MISERY

Household tyrants, eager to dominate all those with whom they come in contact, must be fought relentlessly. They must be shown that the world has no time for even the smallest dictators

—says HUMANIST—

VICTIM of a cruel elder sister's tyranny, a married woman pleads this week that I should help to free her from a bondage of terror.

The sister has always vented her evil temper on the "baby of the family."

"When I was young my mother was in hospital for many months," continues the letter-writer, "and my elder sister had charge of the family. She was always cruel to me, and told lies that caused me to receive many thrashings.

"I still remember the terror I felt when shut in a cupboard full of cobwebs and spiders under the stairs. I was kept in there for hours and screamed myself hoarse.

"I could tell you a great many stories about her cruelty.

Always Making Trouble

"I am married now, but this sister lives next door. She is always making trouble for me.

"There is a row if I do not get up early; if I go to the pictures; if I stay out after seven. If my husband works on Sunday and hers does not there is another row.

"I cannot buy anything without being criticised.

"I cannot speak to the neighbours.

"I don't dress my child properly.

"My furniture is all wrong.

"My sister tells my parents everything and there are rows, rows, rows, in one continual round. I cannot stand the strain much longer. I have almost reached breaking-point.

"My husband hates rows.

"Yet nothing he can say makes things any different. He is informed that my sister is acting for my own good!

"We cannot move away because the place is crowded with evacuees.

"In a scene to-day I was told that I have no right to my own child. My parents kept her with them till she was four, and I had an awful job to get her away from them.

"As my husband is working at full pressure on night work, he does not get much sleep, and these rows worry him."

Wants to Tyrannise

The elder sister formed the habit of tyrannising over the younger girl, and she wants to continue as long as she can.

Yet she is not the sort of person to have control over anybody. If she enjoys causing suffering, there must be a nasty streak of cruelty in her. She finds obscene satisfaction in it.

That incident about locking a child in a cupboard is an example. No one should ever lock a child in a confined space. It causes a neurosis that affects the whole of life. It might easily have made the child an idiot.

Having this unpleasant streak in her nature, the older woman will keep on until she is forcibly stopped.

The writer of the letter ought to realise that she is supreme in her own home. The sister has no right to enter the house without invitation or permission.

I should advise her to move, when the opportunity occurs, as far away as she can get.

Meantime, since moving is impossible, she will have to stand up to the problem. She will have to order her sister out of the house and lock the door on her.

It is useless trying to appease such people.

It is equally useless trying to argue it out in a friendly manner.

The sister will respect only force.

The husband should defend his wife in her attempt to control her own home, and it is surprising that the parents have not sufficient sense to realise what is happening.

Perhaps they are afraid of the virago.

You are always hearing about these cruelty-loving people, men and women who can never live in peace with anyone. We can call them "sadists" or "megalomaniacs," but that does not cure them.

When they get into positions of authority they make life intolerable for everybody.

If a shipload of them could be scuttled in mid-Atlantic, the world would become a happier place.

Result of Early Fears

Here is a short extract from a long letter that reached me recently:

"As a small child I was nervous," writes a man who is still haunted by fear.

"When I was two or three years of age I was put to bed alone with a candle that used to flicker," he adds. "The weird shadows it created terrified me out of my wits.

"A coat and hat hanging on the door seemed to move when I looked at it.

"I started to scream, and by the time my parents reached me I was out of breath. They managed to get me off to sleep again, but I soon awoke and had another scare. My nerves were so shattered I could not speak.

"This ought never to happen. A nervous child should not be put to bed until he is dead tired.

"He should be pitied: not scolded. . . ."

The rest of the letter describes the after-effects of these early fears, and I can say only that they have proved a handicap for the rest of the man's life. He will never entirely get over them.

A nervous child should not be scolded, but I don't think that "pity" is what is needed either. If parents can adopt a matter-of-fact attitude the child will do the same.

The modern mother puts a child to bed at a definite time and leaves him there.

She never hints that there is nothing to be afraid of. She never stays in the room till the child is asleep.

Children and War

And here is another problem causing anxiety to many parents to-day. It comes from a mother in a seaside town somewhere in England.

"I had hardly reached the shopping centre," she writes, "when one of those 'blest pair of sirens' began wailing. My children have told me that I must always take cover. So, being a well-brought-up mother, I obeyed orders!

"I sheltered on the staircase of a shop. Presently a few more people came in, and among them was a young couple with a boy of two and a half.

"The boy was quiet at first, but he became more martial as time went on. Marching up and down the limited space, he shouldered his spade like a gun. His bucket was first a gas-mask, then a helmet.

"And when a bomb dropped near us the lad was quite unperturbed, merely ejaculating 'Naughty Germans!'

"When the 'All clear' sounded I went home, fearing that the bomb might have reduced the place to powder, but it had buried itself in our famous mud.

"Thinking over the incident, I cannot help grieving that the war had made such an indelible impression on the mind of a little child."

We all deplore the effect of war on young children, but boys have always played at soldiers even when war never came within a thousand miles.

The astonishing thing is the casualness with which the whole idea is accepted by the youthful mind.

It is regrettable, but unavoidable.

TO-DAY

DON'T miss to-day for to-morrow. It's a very common mistake; we so often stretch our hearts forward the next day's burdens to take. But the things we do in the present will help the whole future to shape. We must live in the near things, as well as the far, if a success of Life we would make.

DON'T miss to-day for to-morrow, when to-day may hold prizes rare, which, because they're so close to our hand we don't realise they are there. We're so engrossed in scanning Time's sky for its blue and its grey, but those who live in to-morrow are throwing their lives away.

DON'T miss to-day for to-morrow, especially in this War. It's no use searching the Future for its possible loss and score. To-day is moulding our future. It's a bridge to be tested and tried, and only when we have traversed it can we tackle the other side.

DON'T miss to-day for to-morrow, for to-day may hold Victory, dressed in so strange a garb that its splendour we cannot see. To-day is To-morrow's Foundation, To-morrow the Fruits of To-day. To whom will To-morrow be given! Why, TO THOSE WHO MAKE USE OF TO-DAY.

J. M.

"I was terrorised by my elder sister. She locked me in dark cupboards, told lies that led to my being thrashed, and generally made my life a misery . . ."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

NOBODY can expect too much from Christmas in war time, but it takes very little to turn the utter despondency of the forgotten man into something akin to ecstasy.

The price of a winter coat, a blanket or cosy bed-socks mean much to an aged woman valiantly trying to exist on an old-age pension.

Thousands of homes are without children, but the poorest mother eagerly desires to send a parcel to her evacuated children as a reminder of home and happier days.

Keeping boys and girls decently clad is a harassing problem for the mother struggling along on Army allowance.

To provide these small tokens of human understanding money is urgently needed, especially as the work of JOHN BULL'S Fund goes on throughout the year, helping ex-Servicemen and their dependants who are condemned to a dreary existence in mean streets.

More pitiable is the position of elderly people who have come down in the world.

Not sufficiently robust to enter the labour market, and with no particular qualifications to enable them to add to their meagre incomes, they find the struggle is too much for them.

Such is the plight of Mrs. A., widow of a clergyman, with four children to maintain.

Her brother was killed in the last war.

After nursing her husband through a long illness, she and the children are left in straitened circumstances, and until her health improves there is little likelihood of her finding employment.

With winter approaching, life seems almost unbearable for this unhappy woman, who has no means of buying even the necessities of existence.

Such people do need your sympathy.

Please send your donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who contribute under pseudonyms.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Old soldiers never die!

We just fade into the Home Guard, where we can still teach the youngsters a thing or two—how to smoke a pipe, for instance. Tobacco neither too dry nor too damp; fill from the bottom of your pouch, using second or third finger so as not to compress too tight; breathe *out* through the pipe as well as drawing in. Above all, of course, smoke a naturally matured tobacco without any scents or artificial flavouring—like good old Four Square. *That's* the stuff to give the troops, especially us old 'uns who know a good thing when we smoke it.

FOUR SQUARE

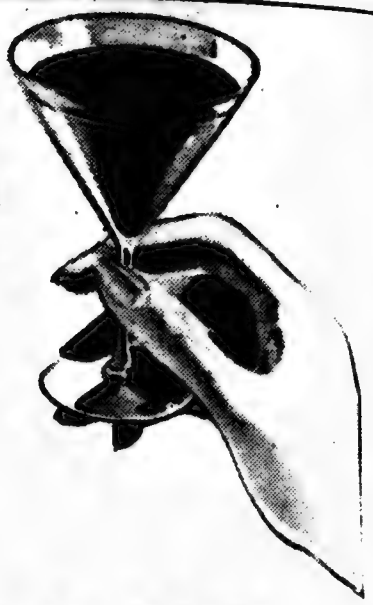
PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING
8 DIFFERENT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH
PRICES FROM 1/6½ TO 1/10½ PER OUNCE

Four Square Cigarettes—1/6 for 20

FST11

RETURNED EMPTIES To conserve metal supplies, Four Square smokers are asked to be good enough to return empty tins to their tobacconist.

Pre-war cocktail ingredients are hard to come by nowadays. All the more reason why you should serve Maldano *ready-mixed* cocktails. Full strength, subtle flavour—just like old times. 14 palate-tickling varieties, 14 glasses in every bottle.



MALDANO

ready-mixed **COCKTAILS** *6/6 a bottle*

MALDANO CREAMY EGG FLIP is the finest tonic for war strain. 7/6 a bottle—stocked by all good wine merchants.

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

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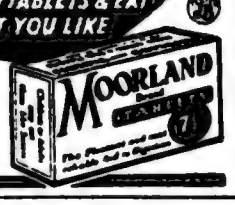
ALL CHEMISTS 7½D & 1/3 Plus Tax



IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

GOOD NEWS for all who are NERVOUS, WEAK, TIRED, DEPRESSED

"Vikelp's" Minerals and Vitamins will build you up—NOW—and see you safely through Winter!

When your body lacks vital Minerals and Vitamins, you get Rundown, Weak, Nervous. Replace these lost substances—remineralise your system—and you find the way back to radiant health, strength and sparkling vitality protected against illness and debility.

This amazing newly discovered sea plant contains these much-needed Mineral salts—Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur—as well as 5 other Minerals, Food Iodine and Vitamin B. It is concentrated into little tablets and comes to you as "Vikelp"—giving you ALL those precious substances so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself.

Start to renourish your body with "Vikelp" to-day. Replace those lost Minerals. Note the unmistakable results. You build up. Nerves steady. You become vigorous—vital—alive. New energy and strength surge through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

FREE! SEND NOW!

Send this coupon today for free booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories Ltd, Dept. J.B.11, 188/194 Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

The Smile that Wins

There's charm and cheer in an Odol Smile. Don't take chances with the gleam of pearly teeth. Above all, don't risk tooth-pastes which depend on abrasives. They scratch the thin film of enamel which alone prevents decay. It's easy to tell. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Your fighting man will welcome a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice in his next parcel. It's the most convenient to carry.

Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE AND SOLID DENTIFRICE

Smile!

Voice of the People

★ *This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Learn from Him

WHENEVER you feel low and dispirited, dismayed and overwhelmed by the size of the problems confronting you, consider the astonishing story of James Evans, a Methodist missionary whom the Hudson's Bay Company sent out to the Cree Indians exactly 100 years ago.

He found he could not express their language in any ordinary characters. Did he thereupon give up the idea of written communication? Not he! He invented a new method altogether, and he was so successful that his method is used to this day to reduce to written symbols many languages in Asia as well as those of the American Indians.

Then he was faced with the problem of printing, a problem most men would have dismissed at once as "impossible," even had they thought it a problem worth tackling at all.

But James Evans had never heard the word "impossible," or if he had he had laughed it out of his vocabulary.

To print, you need type; so he made his own, cut and cast from lead obtained by melting down bullets. Ink? That was easy—to Evans. He made it with chimney soot, mixed with fish fat.

He had no paper; but that didn't stop him either. He used birch bark.

The biggest problem of all was that of a printing press; but he soon solved that, as he had solved all the rest. He used one of the presses the Company used to compress their furs into bales for transport.

In Canada some of his books exist in museums to this day, to witness to the indomitable strength of courage allied to imagination.

The plain truth is that no problem ever was or is unsolvable. To find the answer may need pluck and perseverance, imagination, and a capacity to stand up to a lot of rebuffs and disappointments; but to every problem there is an answer, and those whose hearts are stout can find it.

Think of James Evans—and go to it!

SEVERAL friends of mine, and at least one relative, have tried in vain to get bricks and cement to build shelters.

Yet I see huge quantities of such materials being used, near at hand, in the building of premises of no use whatsoever to the war effort.

Surely the protection of lives comes first.—F. Marriott, Carlton Road, Birkenhead.

Firms charging big sums for shelters seem to have no difficulty in getting supplies of cement. The man who wants to build his own, possibly using far less cement, finds it next to impossible.

HAVING written to the income tax authorities undertaking to pay all my income tax before January 31, I have received a reply stating that deduction from wages is compulsory, and that he cannot accept my offer.

What business firm would prefer to have twenty-four instalments rather than *cash*—and most of that cash in advance.—W. Cass, 2, Park Road, Glasshoughton, nr. Castleford.

Yes, but how many business firms could afford to have two different systems of bookkeeping!

LET'S hope that reader F. S. Carter, who says real Fatalists find comfort in the teaching "What is to be, will be"—doesn't wield too great an influence in his district.

Such a teaching yields a policy of total unpreparedness.

Doctors have found cures for most of the ills we are heir to because they have refused to believe that "What is to be, will be."

In many matters I prefer to believe that what is to be, need not be.—The Rev. R. C. Mace, Cullen House, Regent Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

I SPEAK English with an American accent. I read American books. I see American movies. I live in a land where you must have either a Cockney accent or an Oxford accent to be considered out and out English—and I have neither.

But news from Britain has aroused pride of race in me as never before.

I want to visit *my* villages in the old country. People tell me you can actually walk from village to village, and that they are all like different countries, so much do they vary.

I want to throw my chest out in pride in the country whose fortitude, courage and strength are the admiration of the whole world.—Evelyn Thorpe-James, 16th Avenue West, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

You would be proud of us, as we are of you.

NO headmaster in York is allowed to be a Home Guard, and only one teacher from each school can take on this vital work.

And Bradford Education Committee recommends that no teacher over forty-one should carry out such duties.

What will youngsters think, looking to their teachers for a lead in patriotism as in everything else?

And surely the teaching profession is as well able to spare representatives to the war effort as our armament industries.—B. C., Portchester, Hants.

RECENTLY I arrived in this district of ——. I have moved about as I have liked.

I have seen a monster new war factory in the process of erection, learned the site of two new aerodromes, walked round a new aircraftworks, and gathered other vital information.

Yet nobody has asked to see my identity card.—Ernest C. Lees (address withheld).

A JOHN BULL representative recently made a 500-mile tour inspecting the national war effort without once being asked for one of the several passes with which he was furnished.

KNOWING the empty-stomach feeling many soldiers are apt to have the night before pay-parade, for I was a soldier myself in the last war, I told the Y.M.C.A. that I would give their local canteen a free bag of potatoes every Thursday—thus enabling troops in the district to have "chips on the house" on the night money was scarcest.

For a time the scheme went with a bang. The Y.M.C.A. co-operated splendidly. Then officialdom stepped in, and now the edict has gone forth that a soldier can only have free chips as a second portion after he has paid for the first—which defeats the object I had in mind.—R. M., St. James's Road, Glasgow, Central 4.

This reader has furnished us with fuller facts in confidence, and we are trying to get the "chips on the house" scheme restored.

AGAIN the Prime Minister has had to appeal to the Civil Service to "use plain English."

I make two suggestions.

Appoint Mr. A. P. Herbert as Minister of the King's English. And publicly pillory every State employee who resorts to the meaningless jargon of bureaucratic verbosity which no simple citizen understands, keeping it up until a cure has been effected.—James Patrick, Edgware Road, London, N.W.

CLOTH shoulder-tabs giving the initials of a soldier's unit—R.A., R.A.S.C., and so on—cost 4d. per pair at the Quartermaster's store.

But the store cannot always provide them in time for a parade—and to go on parade without them is a heinous offence.

So shops sell them, at 3d., 1s., and at some places I know, 1s. 6d. a pair.

They are the same wherever you buy them. They are made at the same factory at Leicester. The price you pay depends, very often, on the number of soldiers in the place.

Have some people forgotten that a Tommy's pay is round about two shillings—not two pounds—a day?—Gunner A. James, Somewhere in Surrey.

Some shopkeepers are making 400 per cent. profit on regimental buttons! The Army has the remedy in its own hands. A good quartermaster sees that he always has supplies.

ASSUMING that there are 100,000 officers in the British Army, and allowing one batman to each pair, there are at least 50,000 officers' servants in the country.

They are never taken for parades, guard duties, rifle or gun practice, or any of the activities of a fighting man, and can properly be regarded as noncombatants.

And 50,000 trained soldiers might have saved Finland.—W. E. Lovering, c/o Rose Cottage, Blackmore, Essex.

We know where fifteen healthy young men look after twelve officers in a mansion that might well accommodate a hundred evacuees!

MR. CHURCHILL is such a tower of strength that his loss would be almost irreparable.

Nevertheless, the possibility should be faced, and his successor named. It should be done *now*, and not left till a time of crisis.

Don't let us forget the lesson of France. We want no Lavals here!—R. Martin, Wainbody Avenue, Green Lane, Coventry.

PITY the coal merchant!

I see that a customer of mine has given £25 to the local Spitfire Fund.

Yet I cannot get out of him the £50 he owes me for coal supplied.

He will not help me to pay my taxes and buy Spitfires in the way the State prefers that I should.—C. D., Yorks.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE MORECAMBE AND HEYSHAM VISITOR: —"Best man was Cpl. J. T. H——, of the R.A.F. The vicar, Rev. H. J. W——, performed the CEMETERY."

THE TOTNES TIMES: —"C. W—— heads the BATHING averages of the Cricket Club."

NORTHERN DESPATCH: —"A new appeal to housewives to SAVAGE bones has been made by the Ministry of Food."

WESTERN MORNING NEWS: —"There would be trouble if there was an epidemic of INFLUENCE."

MORNING ADVERTISER: —"Our Coast SWELLERS will at least have been conditioned to the din of war, even if the Germans never come."

DAILY MAIL: —"In the field their first task is to supply troops under conditions of STRAINING."

HULL DAILY MAIL: —"Since heavy READING began on September 7, killed and seriously wounded had declined. . . ."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH: —"... to give sufficient notice for the CREMATION of a new register."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE: —"They do not know what the amount will be from sums INFESTED through the banks."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN: —"No one should LIVE after dark unless absolutely compelled."

THE COATBRIDGE LEADER: —"The DRAINAGE, which was not serious, consisted of the burning of a large quantity of FIREWOOD."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE: —"The cause of death was CONCESSION and shock."

THE KILMARNOCK STANDARD: —"What is the best supplementary green succulent feed for FAIRY cows at the present time?"

BELFAST NORTHERN WHIG: —"They dropped about 145 tons of TOMBS. . . ."

Soldier freed from grip of Bronchitis

...asks us to tell other sufferers

Catterick Camp, Yorks.

"Will you please publish these few words so that other sufferers from Bronchitis can find a cure.

I am 28 years of age and have been a sufferer from Bronchitis since a child. It had such a grip on me that I really gave up hope of a cure after trying various remedies without success.

Now, thanks to Famel Syrup, I am cured. My wife bought me a small bottle of Famel Syrup a fortnight ago and I was getting results. She bought me a large bottle a week ago and now I am free from that grip of Bronchitis. I shall never be without it now, and I am going to take a bottle home to my Mother as soon as I get leave. She has been a Bronchitis sufferer many years before I was born. Here's wishing Famel Syrup long life and every success."

N.E.C.

Once again, Famel's remarkable properties have banished the agony and danger of Bronchitis. Hundreds of thousands of grateful people praise Famel. From the first dose, Famel's 'active ingredient'—soluble lacto-creosote—starts its work. It goes *to the root of the cough* and destroys the germs which are causing the trouble. At the same time, soothing balsams ease the inflamed membranes and Famel's restorative ingredients build up your powers of resistance.

At the first sign of a cough, cold or 'flu—take a dose of Famel. If you have a friend in the Forces, send him a bottle to protect him from winter ills. It is the treatment recommended by doctors, hospitals and sanatoria everywhere.

FAMEL SYRUP

(BRAND)

From your Chemist—1/6 and 3/- (Triple Quantity)

Subject to the addition of Purchase Tax.

OPTREX LTD., Wadsworth Rd. Perivale, Middx.

FAMEL CONQUERS COUGHS

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MARCONIPHONE

the **REAL** *thing in*

RADIO

★ *Though our wartime activities have restricted the flow of new Marconiphone models the great Radio resources behind this famous name are being conserved for your benefit in better times.*

YOUR LOCAL MARCONI-MEN ARE USUALLY THE BEST EQUIPPED RADIO DEALERS IN YOUR DISTRICT ★

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STOP AUTUMN CHILLS and AUTUMN ILLS

Now is the season of Autumn Ills and Autumn Chills—but it need not be the suffering season for you! *Beechams Powders* cost only 2½d. each, yet the relief they bring is worth more than gold. Quicker acting and more certain in results! Try them!

FOR 2½D

2½d. Also Ends COLDS, 'FLU RHEUMATISM SCIATICA LUMBAGO, NERVE PAINS

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/5. Single Powders 2½d. each. (Including Purchase Tax.) A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS BRAND **POWDERS** *ACT LIKE MAGIC*

SAVE

BY USING MAZDA COILED-COIL LAMPS

REMEMBER— CHEAPER LAMPS COST MORE TO USE

Since FYNNON shifted her

Rheumatic Acids

she can stand straight

Just listen to this! Mrs. Clarke, writing from Bradford, tells us bluntly what she thinks of Fynnon Salt.

"You do not ask for testimonials," she says, "but I have recommended Fynnon Salt a great deal round here where I live. Only this morning where I shop the young man said, 'My word, Mrs. Clarke, you do look different to what you were.' I was, before, drawn up double with pain, and it has cost me pounds. Then my daughter came to me with a tin of Fynnon Salt and said 'Mother, will you try these?' I said 'I will try anything, if this rheumatism goes on much longer.' And here I am, able to get about without a stick, stand straight up and enjoy life. Well, make what use of this letter you like. May you still prosper."

You will find that Fynnon is wonderful for searching out the rheumatic acids hidden away in pain-ridden bodies. The active salts which brought world-fame to curative spas are now bringing equal fame to Fynnon—for in Fynnon are combined the salts of Lithium, Potassium, Sodium, the very salts which shift rheumatic acids from the system. Not pounds, but pence, do you pay for Fynnon! And just round the corner is a chemist who can let you have a large tin for 1/5d. . . . or a trial size for 7d., inclusive of Purchase Tax. A fortnight on Fynnon will convince you.

MORE IODINE IN YOUR BLOOD ENDS COLD FEET

Warm all over, you'll feel full of pep; ready for anything

When feet are cold, you feel down and out. You're whacked and can't get warm. Your vitality drops. That's all wrong. It's dangerous, too. That's when colds and 'flu take hold; rheumatism creeps into your system. Your trouble is sluggish foot circulation—cause of chilblains, forerunner of winter ills.

What you need is more Iodine in your blood. Iodine sets warm blood coursing through your veins. You want good old SIMPSON IODINE SOCKS in your shoes. They liberate Iodine vapour *under* your feet. Your pores absorb it. Chill and depression go at once. You feel well-shod, warm—alive!

Out in the cold and damp, you are sure of good circulation with Simpson Brand Iodine Socks. Others won't do. You must have them with genuine Simpson Iodine. Bought by millions. Only 1/3 at chemists while untaxed stock lasts. If difficulty, post free 1/9 inc. Purchase Tax, J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. X.5), Bartlett's Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid Kit? Just send a postcard.

BADLEGS

Eczema, Burns, Cuts, Chilblains and all Skin Troubles invariably yield to HEALO Treatment, and Testimonials are constantly being received from grateful users. Here is one from Ebbw Vale, Mon.: *"Some years ago I suffered from a Bad Leg; the doctor advised going to the Infirmary to have it off, but I tried HEALO and it saved my leg. I have recommended to many sufferers."* *Mrs. W. . . .*

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

The Gipsy Warned Him

A. W. HELLIWELL introduces battling "Gunboat" Smith (right), a colossus among the "Giants of the Ring" who roared with laughter when the gypsy warned him. But then smiling Georges Carpentier was still an unknown quantity . . .

EDWARD "GUNBOAT" SMITH creased his grim, square-cut face into a wide grin. He leaned forward in his chair and thrust one great ham of a fist into the fortune-teller's dainty hands.

"Okay," he said with good-humoured tolerance. "See if you can tell me in which round I shall knock this French guy cold to-morrow night."

The big American heavyweight winked ponderously at the rest of the company gathered at his Harrow training quarters and waited expectantly.

Smith was feeling on top of the world. He was booked for a fight that, in the colourful slang of the American sporting world, looked a "push-over," and his husky body glowed with vigorous health that would have given him confidence against any man in the world.

"White champion of the world," they called him—only Jack Johnson of the golden smile stood between him and the real crown—so that it was no wonder that Smith contemplated the morrow's fight with the slim and boyish Carpentier with such equanimity.

Looking for a Laugh

At first, when the woman palmist called at his camp with a request to be allowed to read his hand, he had refused. Then, looking for a laugh to while away the last evening before the contest, he had consented.

He waited, still grinning broadly, while she peered intently into his giant palm. At last, after a long silence, she looked up and shook her head.

"I am sorry," she said. "You will not win."

For a moment Smith stared incredulously. Everyone in the room was dumbstruck. This was *lèse majesté* with a vengeance. Then the fighter threw back his close-cropped head and roared with laughter.

"Say lady," he chuckled, "you must be looking at the wrong hand. It's Georges Carpentier I'm fighting to-morrow. Why, I could lick him even if I left you one hand to tell fortunes with."

But the fortune-teller still shook her head.

"I do not know him," she said seriously. "I can only read what is in your hand, and there it is written that you will not win."

A less phlegmatic individual than Smith might have been rattled by such a gloomy prophecy within twenty-four hours of the time he was due to step into the ring, but not he. Still laughing, he peeled a note off a thick roll and handed it to the palmist.

"There you are, lady," he said. "May be when you read the papers you'll see that I can fight better than you can tell fortunes!"

And who could blame him for this bubbling confidence?

Big-Time Promotion

It was Dick Burge's brilliant idea to match the handsome and glamorous idol of the French ring with this rugged, rough-hewn fighter from the States.

Never before had Burge attempted anything more ambitious than his famous programmes at the Blackfriars Ring, but with this Smith-Carpentier contest the ex-lightweight champion stepped up into big-time promotion.

He hired Olympia arena for the fight.

Carpentier, for his part, seemed quite undismayed by the fact that he was matched with the man who had collected some of the most impressive heavyweight scalps in the game.

Smith was all angles, a huge and rough-hewn giant whose punch-battered face and bulky figure left no doubt as to his trade, while Georges, the "Orchid Man," smooth-skinned and slender, looked more like a matinée idol.

When he dropped his grey silk robe from his boyish shoulders and stood talking to excitable little Francois Descamps, his manager, a thrill of apprehension rippled through the packed arena.

But Carpentier was still smiling as he stepped from his corner.

Then, as his long left snaked out and his dark head ducked to one side, the smile vanished and his mouth set in a hard line. Up on his toes like a ballet dancer he circled his slower, flat-footed opponent, watchfully seeking an opening for his flicking left.

Smith, serenely unimpressed by Carpentier's science and ringcraft, walked steadily after him.

While Smith was setting himself for a punch, Carpentier was in and out like a flash, landing swift, light blows to the American's ribs and slipping out of distance before he had time to counter.

There was not enough steam behind those punches even to halt the "Gunboat" in his ponderous stride, but every one scored points.

The American, piqued by the audacious persistence of his young opponent, waded in with ominous determination.

All he wanted was to nail Carpentier with one solid punch, for he knew well enough that the Frenchman had not the strength or the resistance to stand such a blow as had laid Wells and Flynn and the rest of them low.

The Elusive Georges

Yet he could not catch him.

Whenever he shot over a particularly murderous left or right, the elusive Georges was missing, while all the time his jarring counter punches rattled against his ribs and jaw.

So for the first three rounds the fight progressed, with Smith, outclassed in ringcraft, stolidly seeking an opening for a finishing blow.

Then, in the next session, the unexpected happened.

As the American chased him into a corner, Carpentier suddenly shifted and changed a left lead into a vicious right hook.

The feint took Smith completely by surprise and he went to the canvas.

There he knelt, completely in possession of his senses, watching the timekeeper for him to begin the count.

Smith was no more than shaken by the punch, but he was too seasoned a campaigner to jump up immediately. He waited to take full advantage of the count, but the referee was also counting from his own watch, and as he called "eight . . . nine . . . out!" the gong sounded.

For a few minutes the arena was in an uproar.

Half the spectators thought that Smith had been counted out, while the rest were claiming that he had been saved by the bell.

Smith himself, having been following the timekeeper, was utterly at a loss, but in the midst of the confusion the referee loudly announced that there was still more than a minute to go and ordered the men to fight on.

This they did, and although Carpentier made desperate efforts to put Smith down again, the big Yankee heavy-weight had no difficulty in keeping him at bay.

Regrettable End

Two more rounds went by with the Frenchman still providing most of the action, and then, in the midst of an exciting melee, the contest came to an unfortunate and regrettable end.

Carpentier, rushing in rather impetuously, missed with a terrific right swing and, carried off balance by the force of the blow, he dropped to his knees.

Smith had already launched a counter as he swayed to one side to avoid Carpentier's right, and the blow connected while the Frenchman was still on one knee.

His glove crashed home on top of Carpentier's head, and although it was plain that he had no intention of fouling his opponent, Descamps immediately jumped into the ring, protesting with many Latin gestures that his protégé had been fouled.

Pandemonium broke out while the bewildered and deeply pained American vainly tried to excuse himself.

He had done all in his power to stop the punch when he saw his opponent slip, but, nevertheless, it had landed while Carpentier was down, and the referee there and then halted the contest and awarded it to Georges on a foul.

It was an unhappy and very unsatisfactory end to what might have proved a great fight.

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Dared Flames in Blazing Plane

GERALD WINTER, of Roderick Avenue, Peacehaven, Sussex, stretched his aching back while he paused in his farm-work to watch an R.A.F. bomber circling the hill on which he was standing.

As he listened to the faulty beat of the engines, he realised that the pilot was about to make a forced landing.

A few seconds later the aircraft crashed into the hillside and exploded. Blazing petrol was flung on to near-by bushes, which instantly burst into flames.

Winter raced as fast as he could over the three hundred yards of rough country between him and the blazing wreck, arrived there to find a man in a flying suit clambering out of the turret.

"There are others inside," said injured Corporal Lapwood as he staggered through the flames, only to collapse beyond reach of the blaze.

Winter paused. Then realising what the corporal meant, he rushed into the fire, found another blackened figure trying to climb out of the gun-turret.

As Winter bent to seize him, ammunition began exploding inside the fuselage. But Winter never paused.

He half-carried Aircraftman Oulter to safety, then turned again towards the wreck, caring little for his scorched hands and face and the riot of bursting ammunition.

He clambered inside the turret while the bullets exploded all round him.

Through the flames he could see two helpless men, but the fire, belching from the burst petrol tank, made it impossible for him to reach them.

He did not give up hope.

Still, disregarding burned hands and face, he climbed out of the turret and made his way around to the nose of the machine, hoping to be able to tear away enough of the fuselage to reach the men.

It was impossible. As the petrol flowed out of the tank over the burning pyre the flames leaped more fiercely, the ammunition exploded more rapidly.

And Gerald Winter, who had done so much, could do no more.

On the day that he was decorated with the Medal of the Order of the British Empire, Winter was regretful more than pleased.

"If I'd only been able to get those other two out," he said to a friend. "If only. . . ."

Beginning NEXT WEEK

Tales of the Turf

"John Bull's" racing correspondent opens this dramatic new series of racing stories by solving the mystery of "Whoa-Back-Jack," the jockey who talked too much.

The Last Laugh

TINY TOT (Tiverton).—"That man Hitler can't take Santa Claus away from us, can he?" No, but he might take away Santa's chimney.

DORIS (Ealing). — "When a strange man smiled at me on the 'bus, I got off at once." Quick, work, Doris

BREEDER (Halifax). — "Turkeys are proud birds." They apparently know what they are going to cost this Christmas.

G. S. (Sutton).—"I always take a bath in my steel helmet." We don't. We found we couldn't stretch our legs properly.

G. L. (Buxton).—"I'm no fool. I know which side my bread is buttered.' That's at the beginning of the week, of course?

D. N. (Braintree).—"How can we reduce the amount of food devoured every year in this country by rats?" Well, there's rationing.

A. L. (Boston).—"If I come home late from the club my wife makes quite a scene." You're lucky—many wives make a whole drama.

J. N. Y. (Southend).—"I know of a dance-band conductor who can't write his own name." But we expect he can whistle his signature tune.

T. T. (Putney).—"Surely you have never heard of a man remaining in a public-house from opening till closing time?" What about the landlord?

D. N. (Blackburn).—"When the black-out began few of us knew what we were coming up against." And we often don't know now until it's too late.

R. N. (Thrapston).—"What are the German warmongers going to do about their serious shortage of timber?" Oh, no doubt, they will put their heads together.

W. P. (Tutbury).—"What would you say if you opened a parcel and found in it an absolutely dreadful tie with green spots on a yellow background?" My aunt!

T. N. (Stoke).—"I discovered some music that my husband wrote a quarter of a century ago, and it was dedicated to his former sweetheart." That's raking up old scores.

PRIVATE S. (Dorset).—"I thought I was going to get a few days off, but the doctor said there was nothing much wrong, and prescribed the usual remedy." That must have been a bitter pill.

MOTHER (Hampstead).—"I told my little boy to count a hundred before he started fighting, but he came home with a black eye to-day, and what do you think was his excuse?" The other boy's mother only told *him* to count ten?

V. B. (Truro).—"Plenty of fish is good for the growth of the brain." That explains why a man who has caught anything over half-a-pound can't get his hat on for weeks.

L. D. (Aberdeen).—"I was taking a bottle of whisky home the other night when I tripped up and fell heavily. On putting my hand to the pocket containing the whisky I felt it was wet." And heaved a sigh of relief when you found it was only blood?

ACCOUNTANT (Mossley). — "Not every man has a good head for figures." But most of us have a good eye for them.

L. N. (London, W.C.).—"The war has got a lot of my pals down, but I have a higher position than ever I had." Roof spotter?

MRS K. B. (Torquay).—"Buy a fruit cake now at anything under a shilling and you can hardly see any fruit." And very little cake.

D. N. (Neath).—"I was rather annoyed with my husband because he wanted to go out six nights running." And you prefer walking?

A. G. (Derby).—"When I roll home in the early hours of the morning, my wife doesn't mind a scrap." Neither does ours; in fact, she waits up for it.

H. W. (Highgate).—"Old soldiers are always willing to pass on their store of accumulated military knowledge to recruits." Especially at Crown and Anchor.

F. F. (Halifax).—"I've heard it said that kissing is unhealthy. What do you think about it?" Well, we've never been ill.

BERT (Chelsea).—"My landlady is kind, thoughtful and clean. What more can a young fellow expect?" A knock on the door every week asking for the rent.

S. L. (Rugeley).—"When my neighbour put a notice in his window 'Saxophone for Sale,' what do you think I did?" Put one in yours—"Thank Goodness."

H. L. (Framlingham). — "Her father was rather rough with me when I confessed that I had secretly married his daughter." Did he nearly shake your hand off?

F. W. (Ashford).—"A high Nazi official is reported to have attempted to leave Germany by air for a neutral country." Apparently his idea was to fly to his nest-egg.

G. D. (Hoxton).—"We've started playing ping-pong in our air raid shelter. It's good fun, even if you do miss the ball." And there are plenty of people to pick it up for you.

PROFESSOR (Fulbourne). — "You know, of course, that Japanese men take off their footwear when entering a house." So do Englishmen when the wife has gone to roost.

G. M. (Birtley). —"It takes a good nerve, a cool head and a certain amount of judgment to jump from a blazing plane." A reliable parachute is also very handy.

T. L. (Frimley). —"A Nazi broadcast complained of the lack of ambition in the German railway service." But, after all, who would want to be stationmaster at Hamm?

M. B. (Portchester).—"I am told that the average career of an airline hostess is less than a year. She gets so many marriage proposals that she gets tired of saying 'No.'" There's evidently something in the air!

JACK (Motherwell).—"A queer error occurred among my friends here. Several of them have been congratulating me on my forthcoming marriage, and I had to explain that they were labouring under a misapprehension. I am *not* getting married." Well, in any case, you are entitled to congratulations.

ACTOR (Birmingham).—"I shall be in the lead in pantomime this Christmas." Ah! You are the horse's forelegs this year?

C. H. (Everton).—"She seemed to be a sensible sort of girl so I asked her to be my wife." But she proved to be just as sensible as she seemed?

M. B. (Odiham).—"My young son does not cry when I have to put him across my knee, so he must have plenty of stuffing." A cushion, perhaps.

MISS I. (Fulham).—"When I saw my boy friend, he seemed very pleased that I had got a job as bus conductor." Did you keep telling him to "Hold tight, please?"

T. W. (Tring).—"Flying high enough, an aeroplane would be drawn away from the earth by the pull of the nearest planet." This is a risk the Luftwaffe has to take.

F. B. (Coulsdon).—"When I have cleared my allotment of spring greens next year, I am going to raise turnips. What is the best way?" Take hold of the tops and lift.

G. J. (Morecambe).—"I am told the war has killed pyjama and bottle parties." It's just a rumour. They still carry on where there are babies who tune up in the small hours or thereabouts.

SAM (Padiham). — "My full names contain over forty letters. I don't suppose there are many people who could beat that for length." Well, we know a fellow whose name is Miles Long.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Take the first to the right for Gib', mate, after you reach Morocco!"

A blind man doesn't need a mirror, but everyone needs expert advice at some time or another. Our Advice Service handles any enquiry—in its long experience it has gathered together a band of experts whose knowledge is placed unreservedly at the disposal of our readers.

No charge is made for this service; all that you have to do is to send a stamped addressed envelope with your enquiry, which should be addressed to "John Bull's" Free Advice Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BROKEN GLASS MEANS MONEY

DICK WHITTINGTON, returning to London at the present day, would find many of its streets paved, not with gold, but with glass, broken glass.

Yet broken glass is not waste.

A certain amount goes into the manufacture of new glass in normal circumstances, acting as "roughage," and helping the melting tanks and huge furnaces digest the chemicals used for glass production.

The trade name for broken glass that goes back into the manufacture of new glass is "cullet," and up to 80 per cent. of it may be used in any melt.

* * *

Salvaging bomb-shattered windows is highly rewarding.

The chief chemical ingredients of ordinary window glass are sand (silica), iron oxide, alumina, lead oxide and soda.

Glass workers call this mixture of raw materials "batch," and roughly 75 per cent. of the compound is composed of sand which, in pre-war days, was derived largely from Fontainebleau and various parts of Belgium and Germany.

Much of it comes from Canada and the United States, and large supplies are available in England

In peace time the average amount of glass produced annually in this country would have girdled the earth with a belt one foot wide. . .

Glass manufacturers are unanimous in declaring that we need fear no glass shortage.

* * *

Glass is definitely "mass-produced," and one furnace alone can yield up to 160 square feet of glass a minute.

Decolourising agents are introduced in the manufacture of window glass to neutralise the effect of iron oxide, which would otherwise tend to give the glass a faint green tint.

Batch is melted either in a series of small crucibles or one huge tank furnace.

The crucibles, or "pots," as they are called, are first of all heated to a temperature of 1300° C. This process takes more than a week.

Then they are pushed into a melting furnace, fired hard for twelve to thirty-six hours, glazed inside with a little molten glass and charged with the mixture.

Once melted, the liquid glass must be freed of gas bubbles.

This is done by plunging the glass with blocks of wood soaked in water, the small gas bubbles being swept away by the large steam ones.

Thus purified, the molten glass is poured over a casting table and distributed in front of a massive iron roller which runs backwards and forwards across the table, rolling the glass into half-inch sheets.

The large rolled sheet next passes down an annealing furnace four hundred feet long, and is then cut into the required sizes.

This is followed by a process of grinding and polishing. Sand is used as an abrasive in the first operation, while the second is performed with a mixture of water and rouge, set between felt-shod rollers.

So, save your broken glass.

Able to Rebuild Her Home—Thanks to "John Bull"

WHEN a bomb damaged his home during a recent air raid, Mr. H. L. Collins received injuries from which he died five days later in hospital.

As he was a registered reader of JOHN BULL his widow has received a cheque for £100 with which she says she will be able to "rebuild her home and start afresh."

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 policy (for husband and wife), underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Last week £3,350 in cash benefits was paid to air raid victims or their dependants.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL, you automatically qualify and need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered, a postcard put in the post to-day (revised postage, 2d.) addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will bring the Registration Forms by return.

FINAL WEEK to win YOUR XMAS DINNER

£100

in CASH, XMAS FARE and other 'BULLETS' PRIZES

£10 100 90/- 80 70/- 60 50/- 40/- 5 of 30/-

30 PLUMP XMAS TURKEYS 60 FINE XMAS FOWLS 1000 MERIT AWARDS

1,089 PRIZES THIS WEEK—THIS WAY TO WIN YOURS!

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,089

E. A. MASON, 48, Hamilton Crescent, Shotton, Essex.
Example: BATTLE OF BRITAIN
Bullet: EXHAUSTING MAZE—EXALTING BRITONS.

£50, Second Prize: F. Ellis, 24, Durham Avenue, Lancaster.
Example: Ready To Die
Bullet: Because Hennessey's "Line Thing."

£20, Third Prize: P. Cox, "Elvedra," 70, Wood Road, Sale, Manchester.
Example: Home
Bullet: Still "Stands For Steel."

£10: V. M. Bale, 24, Queensdale Crescent, Knowle Park, Bristol.
When We're Through—Greater Britain? Right Britain!

£5: R. Lamont, 126, Preston Road, Longridge, nr. Preston.
Save For Victory And—Let "Us" Help Win!

£5: G. E. Mason, 149, Leigh Road, Eastleigh, Hants.
Man In A Tin Hat—Wouldn't Britain If Encouraged.

£5: W. H. Burns, 72, Parton Street, Liverpool.
Battle Of Britain—Palace, If Hire Shares.

£5: H. Sprawson, 48a, Ashton Road, Oldham.
All Together—We Shout, "Beat, Guardsa!"

£2: Mrs. T. Atkinson, Moor End, Hollme-on-Spalding Moor, near York.
Our Pub Got A Pasting, But—Shifting Quarters?
Shifting *Quarts!*

£2: J. Richards, "Norwood," New Llewelyn Street, Glyncath, Glam.
Man In A Tin Hat—He—Feels Too Hot!

£1: Mrs. A. Woodworth, 43, Victoria Road, Sheffield.
Shows He's Tough—Gives Hitler-Jockey "Gestapo Off"!

£1: W. Walker, 361, Lytham Road, Blackpool.
Afraid Of The Sirocco—Wilt—Tin Hat's Slow!

£1: J. Sullivan, "The White House," Hazlewoode, Bude.
Battered Bomb—Hit These Railway Installations!

£1: S. Lucas, 357, Holyhead Road, Coventry.
Whatever Bad Boss—Weather Boss Gauck Somewhere!

List of 25 winners of Christmas Turkeys and 30 winners of Christmas Fowls can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

ADD TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples. The winning *Bullets* on the left show how easily you can win a £100 cheque or a grand Christmas Feast with these few words.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

THANKS TO BRITAIN
ROOSEVELT
OUR WATCHDOG
SPECTRE OF FAMINE
THIS WINTER
CIVILISED NATIONS
ALL THE RAGE
SKILLED WORKER
BEHIND THE SCENES
HE'S A NUISANCE, SO
HOUR OF TRIAL
ONE IN A THOUSAND
TO CLEAR UP THE MESS
PETROL
WHERE WE GO WRONG
BITTERLY
ON THE WINNING SIDE
SHIRKERS
DEFEAT FOR HITLER
AMERICA'S NOT FIGHTING, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Prospect For ..... Peace And .....
Looking ..... The Last .....
When Grandpa's.. Glad To.....

20 BONUSES each value £1 for the 20 entrants whose sets of SIX *Bullets* on one coupon show most all-round merit.

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. valid, make payable to John Bull, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible. Coupon on right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rule of entry-fee.

ENTRY-FEE Send P.O. or stamps at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,250, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.,
B.
EX.
B.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No. .....

1,250 Closing Postmark SAT., DEC. 7

Signed .....

Address .....

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of POST-FREE BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin.

ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus obtain your POST-FREE Bulletin with special help for Crosswordera. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your invaluable guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

63

STAMPS may be used as **ENTRY-FEE** stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 2d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

John Bull's Xmas Gift to You

Had yours yet?

John Bull
7/-
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 7/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de-luxe. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 5/10, which includes postage and insurance.

Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with this SET

A Reader's Appreciation

Mr. H. Pope, of 16, Treble Street, Salford, Lancs., writes:—

"STILL GOING STRONG"

"I have been using one of your Pens for the last 14 years, and it is still going strong."

POST THIS FORM AT ONCE!

HERE is the Gift Sensation of the Year. "John Bull" presents you with an Xmas Gift Voucher value 7/-, which will be accepted as cash in part payment of the beautiful 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The lever self-filling pen has two inlaid bands of 18-carat rolled gold; a large nib of 14-carat solid gold with a tip of costly iridium, and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil to match has an inlaid band of 18-carat rolled gold, fool-proof propel-repel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. Both Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The superb Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

A 5-YEAR GUARANTEE ACCOMPANIES EVERY PEN.

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I ENCLOSE Gift Voucher value 7/-, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/6 plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 6/10 in all.

FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE (*Cross out grade of nib NOT required*)

NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters. 30-11-40.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

THE GREATEST BOON in TIMES of STRESS!

In millions of homes—many a shelter—'ASPRO' is indeed proving a "friend in need." The calm and comfort 'ASPRO' brings has to be experienced to be believed. When nerves are on edge 'ASPRO' tablets quickly restore a wonderful feeling of steadiness and a renewed readiness to CARRY ON. When sleep just will not come 'ASPRO' brings it—smoothly and easily. Even if you only have time for a short "snatch" of sleep you will wake refreshed and reinvigorated—no nerviness—no "hang-over"—no depression.

'ASPRO' STEADIES THE NERVES and Brings SWEET SLEEP

It is important in these times to remember that 'ASPRO' will steady your nerves, restore the priceless gift of sleep, banish colds, free you from headaches, and rheumatic pain without any harmful after effects. 'ASPRO' does not dope or depress. It does not harm the heart or stomach. IT DOES NOT CREATE A HABIT.

NURSE'S ADVICE 'ASPRO' & HOT MILK FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Dear Sirs, Bredbo, Cooma Line, N.S.W.

Allow me to thank you for your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. During my 15 years of nursing I used them regularly for patients, without complaints. If I found a patient not sleeping well at nights, I gave two 'ASPRO' tablets followed by a drink of hot milk. The patient then slept until morning.

Their value, as far as a nurse's life is concerned, is beyond words and I can safely recommend 'ASPRO' to anyone.

Yours faithfully,
SISTER T., A.T.N.A.

'ASPRO' IN FIRST-AID SHELTER

Dear Sir,—I intend to use 'ASPRO' in my First Aid Shelter. From personal experience I know they are excellent and, above all, they are British.
M. B. V.

WHOLE FAMILY KEEP FREE FROM COLDS

42 Woodhouse Road,
Harborne, Birmingham, 22.

Sirs,

It is with great pleasure I write to you to thank you for the benefit my family and I have derived, all through the most severe winter on record, from 'ASPROS'. My eldest boy was always very prone to bad colds and coughs, but at the first sign of a cold I have been prepared. An 'ASPRO' and a hot drink to go to bed on has put him right. And in spite of the weather, whenever possible, both boys have played out of doors. This is the very first winter since they were born that they have not seen a doctor. I really cannot praise 'ASPRO' enough and I am truly grateful. I reckon I have kept my husband, self and two boys well on an average of threepence a week.

If you know the trouble I have had with the boys you would understand why I am so happy to have found a remedy, cheap and ALWAYS TO BE RELIED ON. The boys are now nearly nine years and five years respectively.

Wishing you every success,
I am, Yours sincerely,
E. MORGAN (Mrs.).

'ASPRO' as a Gargle

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water makes an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, etc. When immersed in water the 'ASPRO' tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which cling to the lining of the throat thus exerting the maximum antiseptic and healing effect at the root of the trouble.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATISM
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	AFTER EFFECTS
OR INSOMNIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
NEURALGIA	HAY FEVER	TO WOMEN
SCIATICA	NERVE SHOCK	MALARIA
GOUT	TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.
Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX 3½d. 7d. 1/5 & 2/10

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

—And Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by '*Elasto*', *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that '*Elasto*' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation without which *there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"
"*Completely healed my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*"
"'*Elasto*' *has quite cured my eczema.*"
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